KISSES:

A POETICAL TRANSLATION

OF THE

BASIA

OF

JOANNES SECUNDUS NICOLAÏUS.

WITH THE ORIGINAL LATIN,

AND

AN ESSAY ON HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS.

THE SECOND EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS,

And the *Epithalamium* newly tranſlated.

Mollia, Pegaſides, veſtro date ſerta Poëtæ;
Non faciet capiti dura corona meo.

PROPERT.

LONDON,
PRINTED FOR J. BEW, IN PATER-NOSTER-ROW.
M DCC LXXVIII.

ADVERTISEMENT.

UNTIL the Approbation of the Public had ſtampt ſome Value on his Performance; the Tranſlator *of the* Baſia *confeſſes, that no one could think more lightly of it than himſelf: but as he is called upon from many Quarters for a ſecond Edition of this Work; it would now be as unjuſt to eſteem it of no Worth, as it would have been preſuming to have judged too favourably of it before.*

If the Age in which we live ſtood remarkable for that Severity of Manners, which formerly diſtinguiſhed it from other Nations; the Tranſlator *would find himſelf without Excuſe for holding up a Picture, where it muſt be acknowledged that the Expreſſion is too warm, and where the Colouring is evidently too high and beautiful.*

But, when in Conſequence of great Eaſe and great Proſperity, the Reins of Prudence begin to hang more remiſs; when Knowledge has overleaped the Modeſty of her own Bounds; and above all, when the ſweet Shrine of Nature is perceived every Day to lament the Seductions of Art: under theſe Circumſtances, to attempt by any Means to revive a Flame, at which Love might again light his Nuptial Torch; and to recall Senſations, of all others the fineſt and the beſt; is, in the Opinion of the Tranſlator, *the Duty of a good and honeſt Citizen: and he has to hope, not only that the* Poem *itſelf, ſo conſidered, will be thought uſeful; but, in his own Endeavours to make it better known, that he ſhall be eſteemed (a Character, of all others, which he reveres moſt) the Friend, and the Promoter of Virtue.*

THE TRANSLATOR's PREFACE.

AN Attempt to transfer unblemiſhed into the Engliſh Language the numberleſs Beauties with which the *Baſia* of *Secundus* abound, muſt be reckoned daring indeed, an Attempt in which I am not vain enough to ſuppoſe I have ſucceeded: all I can hope to have effected by this weak Effort of my Pen, is, to have drawn a deſerving Author from that Oblivion in which he has been ſo long buried: and it were to be wiſhed that what I have done might prove an Incentive to ſome other Perſon,

whoſe Abilities may render him more capable, and whoſe Occupations in Life may better permit him, to do that Juſtice to *Secundus* which mine will not; by giving the World a more elegant Tranſlation of this ſingular and truly beautiful Part of his Works, or of ſome other Part, as his Fancy may lead him.

This *Tranſlation* throughout is confronted with the original *Latin*; the Preſervation of which, as every Edition of *Secundus* is now become extremely ſcarce, is what I can alone expect will any way recommend my Book to the Public: for my *Verſification*, I ſubmit it to the Candour of the Reader; it was begun as a mere Matter of Amuſement, nor had I any Intention of publiſhing it, till I found that I had imperceptibly finiſhed the whole of the *Baſia*; when, conſidering how little this Author was known, yet how much he merited Attention;

I was

I was tempted to offer to the World my *Tranſlation* of his *Kiſſes*, indifferent as it may be.

The Print of *Secundus* with the four Latin lines under it, which is found in thoſe Editions of his Works by *Scriverius*, is here copied and inſerted; but with this Difference, that it is greatly diminiſhed; for this Print in the *Scriverian* Edition is of the Size of the duodecimo Leaf. As to the cut of *Julia* * preſerved in the ſame Book, I have not thought proper to transfer it here, it being by no means pertinent to the *Kiſſes*, of which *Neæra* is the Subject; but in its Room I have placed a Frontiſpiece, repreſenting the Subject of the firſt *Baſium*, or the *Origin of Kiſſes*, which I think is more applicable.

* See an account of this Cut, with its Inſcription, in the *Eſſay on the Life and Writings of Secundus.* Page 17.

It remains that I ſhould make ſome Apology for the *Pieces* added at the End of this Work. It is true they cannot boaſt all the Beauties of *Secundus*; yet they are pretty enough, and may pleaſe ſome of thoſe who take a Delight in Poems of this Nature; but even if we allow them only a ſcanty Share of Merit, we muſt at leaſt allow them the Advantage of ſerving as a Foil to the ſuperior Excellence of the *Dutch Poet*.

AN
ESSAY
ON THE
LIFE, and WRITINGS
OF
SECUNDUS.

OF all the modern Latin Poets, few perhaps have remained in greater Obſcurity than *Joannes Secundus*, yet no Author has been more eſteemed by thoſe who have read him; as well for the Purity and Elegance of his Language, as for the ſingular Beauty of his Thoughts. Indeed we may in ſome meaſure account for that Neglect which the Writings of our *Secundus* have ſuffered; if we conſider, that he wrote at a Period when Science was but juſt gleaming in the Weſtern World, ere true Taſte had well emerged from the Errors of *Monkiſh Pedantry*. At this time the learned Languages were accounted the firſt Branches of Knowledge, merely from their being the moſt difficult of Studies; hence we find that every learned Work of that Age was wrote in *Latin*, in thoſe Days even Converſation was *Latin*, Poetry *Latin*, nay very often *Greek* or *Hebrew*; for whatever appeared moſt obſtruſe appeared moſt worthy of Attention: in ſhort at this Æra a Fondneſs for the dead Languages was carried to the moſt abſurd Exceſſes, particularly in Poetry. But in proportion as true Taſte improved, theſe affectedly-learned Compoſitions of the *Moderns* came

into Diſrepute; and though moſt of them, had they been wrote in any Language, would never have acquired Immortality; yet in the general Wreck there were *Works* confounded which well merited a better Fate, and among theſe the *Productions* of *Joannes Secundus* may be very deſervedly claſſed.

CONSIDERING then that Obſcurity in which he has ſo long continued, it is not very wonderful that ſo few Circumſtances can be collected with Regard to his Hiſtory. For the following Anecdotes of his Life, I am chiefly indebted to a little Treatiſe in an Edition of his Works publiſhed by *Scriverius* in the Year 1631; and theſe Anecdotes are not regularly drawn up into a complete Life of our Author: therefore, if my Account of *Secundus* is not entirely ſatisfactory to the *Reader*, it muſt be attributed to a Want of the Exiſtence of neceſſary Materials.

THAT *Joannes Secundus* was deſcended from an ancient and illuſtrious Family in the *Netherlands*, is undoubted. His Father *Nicolaus Everardus* was born in the Neighbourhood of *Middelburg*, (hence he is often ſtiled *Middelburgenſis)* which is the *chief Town* of the *Province* of *Zealand*, and ſituated in the *Iſland* of *Walcheren* belonging to that *Province*.

EVERARDUS was accounted a Man of great Erudition, remarkably learned in the Law, and had every Qualification that might complete the Gentleman as well as the Scholar; in ſhort he was a ſhining Character, and could not fail by ſuch Abilities and Politeneſs as he poſſeſſed to diſtinguiſh himſelf

himſelf as a Courtier, in which Sphere of Life Fortune had placed him: accordingly we find him a great Favourite with the then Emperor *Charles the Fifth*, and having Employs of the utmoſt Importance; for he was a Member of the *Grand Parliament* or *Council* of *Mechelen*, and was alſo *Preſident* of the *States* of *Holland* and *Zealand*, reſiding at the *Hague*, (during his Reſidence at which Place our *Joannes Secundus Nicolaïus* was born *Anno* 1511): he was afterwards tranſlated to the ſame honourable Poſt at *Mechelen*, where he ended his Days, *Aug.* 5—1532, aged 70; and at that Place he was buried.

WHENCE our Poet acquired the Names of *Secundus* and *Nicolaïus* may be a Matter of much Diſpute, as we have nothing upon Record which ſatisfactorily clears up this Point. The Name of *Nicolaï* all the Children of *Nicolaus Everardus* took, poſſibly from their Father's name *Nicolaus*: but the name of *Secundus*, which diſtinguiſhes our Author, moſt probably had its Riſe from ſome Pun; for to be ſure he was, as a Poet, *Nemini Secundus*.

BUT before we proceed any further in our Hiſtory of *Secundus*, let us take a View of the Children of *Nicolaus Everardus*; which were five Sons, and I believe three Daughters: they were all of a ſcientific Caſt; nay ſuch was the Genius for Literature which this Family poſſeſſed, that it even deſcended to the female Line, as we ſhall learn mentioning *Iſabella Nicolaïa*. To ſpeak of the Sons of *Everardus* then, in the ſame Order they are ſpoke of, in that Treatiſe of the Family preſerved by *Scriverius*, we begin with

Petrus Nicolaïus; he was an *Eccleſiaſtic* of the *Order* of *Premontre*, alſo *a Doctor of Divinity* and *of Civil Law*. Next to him was *Everardus Nicolaïus*; who was a Member of the *Grand Council* of *Friezland*, and of the *Grand Council* of *Mechelen*; afterwards *Preſident* of *Friezland*, and of *Mechelen*; he was alſo a *Knight* of the *Order* of the *Golden Fleece*. Then comes *Nicolaus Grudius Nicolaïus*; (ſo called becauſe he was born at *Lovain*, the Inhabitants of which Country have ſuppoſed themſelves to be originally the *Grudii* of *Cæſar*.—vide *Cæſ. Comment. de Bel. Gal.)* he was *Treaſurer* of the *Province* of *Brabant*, and one of the *Privy Council*; he was alſo *Knight*, and *Regiſter* of the *Order of the Golden Fleece*. *Hadrianus Marius Nicolaïus* is now to be ſpoke of; he was a *Knight*, a *Member* of the *Privy Council*, and *High-Chancellor* of *Guelderland* and *Zutphen*.

THUS we ſee it was a Family diſtinguiſhed by Princely Favours; nor were theſe four Brothers deficient in Point of Learning, on the contrary we find many Encomiums paid to their literary Merits, particularly as Poets: that *Nicolaus Grudius* and *Hadrianus Marius* excelled in Poetry is evident, not only from the Teſtimony of *Secundus*, but from their remaining Compoſitions; the *Cymba Amoris* of *Marius* is a moſt elegant little Piece.

ACCORDING to *Scriverius* our *Poet* comes laſt in Order, whoſe Hiſtory we will reſume after having mentioned his Siſter *Iſabella Nicolaïa*; this Lady was an Honour to her Sex, having a remarkable fine Taſte for polite and even claſſical Learning; ſhe was capable of correſponding in *Latin*,

as

as we are informed by an Epiſtle of *Secundus* to her, wherein he regrets the Loſs Society ſuſtained from Talents like hers being buried in a Cloiſter; for that ſhe ſpent her Days in a Convent is a Fact, but upon what Account we are not informed: as to the other Siſters of *Secundus*, nothing particular is related of them.

SUCH were the Children of *Nicolaus Everardus* by his Lady *Eliza Bladella*, who was a Native of *Mechelen*, and endowed with every female Accompliſhment. My Readers may now ſuſpect me of being partial to the very Alliances of a favourite Author, having deſcribed the whole Family of the *Nicolaï* as a Collection of ſhining Characters; but let me clear up their Doubts, by aſſuring them that I am but a faithful Retailer of what I have gathered from Books upon this Subject.

TO return to *Secundus*. The Education of ſo great a Genius muſt be allowed a Matter worthy of Reſearch. Our Poet we learn firſt trod the Paths of Science under the Direction of a Guide no leſs capable of leading him through them, than intereſted in the Employ; I mean his own Father, who was Preceptor not to *Secundus* only, but to his Children in general: and they, by their Appearance in Life afterwards, amply repaid the Aſſiduity of ſuch a Preceptor; but we cannot wonder at this, when we reflect, that the *Infant Mind* never ripens more advantageouſly than under the Influence of parental Inſtructions; ſuch Influence affects the Human Underſtanding, as congenial Skies and native Air affect a Plant; with theſe the tender Vegetable becomes healthy and vigorous; but removed to ſome unconſtitutional Climate, it grows ſickly, and perhaps dies.

ATTENTION

ATTENTION to public Buſineſs now obliged *Everardus* to ſeek out for ſome fit Perſon, to whom he might entruſt the Education of his Son *Joannes Secundus*; which he could no longer ſuperintend in ſuch a Manner, as to enable him to attain the neceſſary Improvements to make that Figure he wiſhed in the Profeſſion for which he intended him, n ely the *Law*.

ACCORDINGLY he was put under the Care of *Jacobus Volcardus*, who was every Way qualified for the Undertaking, and whoſe Death *Secundus* mentions in one of his *Nænia* with no ſmall Concern. *Rumoldus Stenemola* ſucceeded him in the Place of Tutor, and his Abilities equalled thoſe of *Volcardus*; nor was *Secundus* ſparing of his Compliment upon *Stenemola*, for there are many in his Works: but indeed *Secundus* was a Youth of ſuch a Caſt, that he could not help retaining a Veneration for all who had aſſiſted him in making any Acquiſition in point of Learning.

IT may not be improper to ſpeak of our Poet's Amuſements, which are a ſtill further Proof of his Love for the fine Arts, theſe were Painting and Sculpture. When I ſpeak of *Secundus* as a *Poet*, I do not reckon Poetry an Amuſement, but a principal Employment; and it truly was ſuch with him, conſidering the Quantity of Verſes he wrote; he was an inſpired Bard at a very early Age, for it is ſaid he began to write Poetry when but ten Years old. His original Works in Painting and Sculpture are now extremely ſcarce, and the very Copies of them are become almoſt

equally

equally ſo; we learn, that he carved all his own Family, his Miſtreſſes, (of whom we ſhall make Mention preſently), the Emperor *Charles the Fifth*, ſeveral great Perſonages of thoſe Times, and many of his intimate Friends. In the laſt Edition of the Works of *Secundus*, publiſhed by *Scriverius*, there is a Picture of his Miſtreſs *Julia*, with this Inſcription round it,

VATIS AMATORIS IULIA
SCULPTA MANU.

which is ſaid to be engraved from an original Carving of that Lady, executed by *Secundus's* own Hand; a Copy of this Print from the *Scriverian* Edition is preſerved in that *Tranſlation* of the *Kiſſes*, publiſhed by *Lintot* in the Year 1731, but I have not inſerted it in the preſent Edition, as it no Way refers to this Part of the Works of *Secundus*; *Neæra* being the Lady to whom his *Book of Kiſſes* was addreſſed, and not *Julia*; yet *Julia* had equal Honours paid her by the Divine Muſe of *Secundus*; for ſhe is the peculiar Subject of the Firſt Book of his *Elegies*, which has her Name for its Title.

SECUNDUS having nearly attained the Age of Twenty-one, it was thought neceſſary that under ſome excellent Profeſſor he ſhould regularly ſtudy the *Civil Law*, in which it was hoped he might one Day diſtinguiſh himſelf; for this Purpoſe he quitted *Mechelen*, and went into *France*, where he acquired, under the celebrated *Andreas Alciatus*, at *Bourges*, (a City in the *Orleanois*), all that Knowledge which was requiſite to make him ſhine in his Profeſſion. The Character of *Alciatus* as a Civilian is well known, being one of

the moſt learned Men in the Law of thoſe Times, and having left many excellent Treatiſes behind him in that Science; he was likewiſe poſſeſſed of general polite Erudition, and had a Turn for Poetry, which Turn beyond a Doubt muſt help to endear him to *Secundus*. The poetic Pieces of *Andreas Alciatus* are extant in ſeveral Collections of modern Latin Poetry, particularly his Emblems.

Our *Poet*, who had now paſſed a Year in the Study of the Law under this very able Teacher, and taken his Degrees, returned to *Mechelen*; but it muſt require a Soul equally impaſſioned with his, to conceive his Uneaſineſs, when he found, upon his Return, that his *Julia* was married; ſhe, who had firſt fanned his youthful Fires, and who had hitherto reigned ſole Miſtreſs of his Heart. For certain it is, that our firſt Impreſſions of Love are not very eaſily effaced, even by Time; and it is not leſs certain, that Memory traces theſe Impreſſions with a peculiar Pleaſure, as in ſo doing, it recalls to our Minds thoſe Days of Innocence, when we enjoyed Love in its pureſt and moſt diſintereſted State. The many tender Things *Secundus* wrote on being deprived of his *Julia* may amply verify theſe Remarks.

However *Venerilla* ſoon ſupplied the Loſs of *Julia* as a Miſtreſs; ſhe was paſſionately fond of *Secundus*, but there is Reaſon to ſuſpect he was not ſo much enamoured with her as with his former Lady, or with his *Neæra*, who ſucceeded *Venerilla* in the Empire of his Affections. *Neæra* was the laſt Miſtreſs of *Secundus*; and no Doubt had very ſenſibly touched his Heart, ſince ſhe inſpired him with the moſt

moſt voluptuous Part of all his Writings, I mean his *Book of Kiſſes*. The Perſon of *Neæra* we cannot particularize, no Carving or Picture of her being extant; but her Character is drawn up at large by her Lover in his Works more than once. In a few Words, ſhe was a *Fair Inconſtant*, who could play with the Paſſions of a fond Youth ſo as to keep them perpetually inflamed; and as we learn ſhe was a Native of *Spain*, we may conclude her of no cold Diſpoſition.

LET us now view *Secundus* at a Time of Life when the World opened more extenſive Proſpects to him, and when he began to enter into public Employ. *Anno* 1533, we find he went into *Spain*; well recommended to People of the higheſt Rank, (particularly Count *Naſſau*); where he became Secretary to the Cardinal *Joannes Tavera*, Archbiſhop of *Toledo*, in a Department of Buſineſs which required a perfect Knowledge of the *Latin* Tongue: however, in the Midſt of his Occupations he ſtill found Leiſure to court the Muſes, and wrote many Pieces, among which were his *Kiſſes*; therefore, I conclude it was while with the Cardinal that he firſt ſaw the beauteous Subject of them, *Neæra*.

SECUNDUS had not been a Year in *Spain*, before the Heat of the Climate proved too powerful for his Conſtitution; being ſeized with a Fever, which had nearly carried him off, but that Youth was on his Side. This Illneſs he mentions in a Work of his, dated 1534.

The Year following, 1535, he accompanied, by the Advice of the Cardinal *Tavera*, the Emperor *Charles the Fifth*, to the much-celebrated *Siege of Tunis*, againſt that noted Pirate *Barbaroſſa*. The Emperor was attended in this Expedition by Numbers of Gentlemen of Rank and Fortune, who went as Volunteers; and many Hardſhips they ſuffered, Hardſhips but little ſuited to the ſoft Diſpoſition of *Secundus*, whoſe Feats of military Valour at this Period are not upon Record; but it is generally agreed, that *War* was leſs his Talent than *Poetry*. It appears remarkable, that *Secundus* wrote nothing poetical of Note upon the *Siege of Tunis*, which might have furniſhed him with ample Matter for an *Epic Poem*; but perhaps the Subject was for *ſome Reaſons* diſguſting to him.

Being returned from his martial Expedition, the Cardinal ſent him upon a very honourable Embaſſy to *Rome*, namely, to congratulate the Pope *Paul the Third* upon the Succeſs of the Emperor's Arms; but, extreme Illneſs overtaking him upon the Road, he was neceſſitated almoſt immediately to turn back, and ſeek the Benefit of his native Air, which recovered him.

Secundus, having now quitted the Archbiſhop *of Toledo*, was employed by the Biſhop *of Utrecht* in the ſame Office of Secretary; and ſo much had he hitherto diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his Abilities, that in a ſhort Time after this, he was ſent for, (without any other Recommendation than his well-known Learning), by the firſt *Prothonotary* of the Emperor *Charles the Fifth*, who was then in *Italy*, to take upon

upon him the Charge of thoſe *Latin Letters*, ſigned by the Emperor's own Hand. But ere he could enter upon this new and honourable Poſt, Death put a Stop to his Career of Glory: for being arrived at *Saint Amand*, in the Diſtrict of *Tournay*, in order to meet upon Buſineſs the Biſhop *of Utrecht*, who is *Abbot* or *Pro-Abbot* of the *Monaſtery of Benedictines* there; he was cut off by a violent Fever, within five Days after his Arrival, in the very Flower of his Age, (not having yet completed his Twenty-fifth Year), *Oct.* 8*th*, 1536. He was interred in the *Church* of the aboveſaid *Monaſtery*; and his near Relations erected a Marble Tomb to his Memory, whoſe *Inſcription* is thus preſerved by *Aubertus Miræus* in the firſt (though not in the ſecond) Edition of his *Elogii Belgarum*,

IOANNI HAGENSI
SECRETARIO REVERENDISS. DOMINI TRAIECTENSIS, ET ABBATIÆ HVIUS PRÆLATI FRATRES ET SORORES POSVERE.

OBIIT A. cIↃ IↃ XXXVI.
VIII. KAL. OCTOB.

AUBERTUS MIRÆUS alſo ſpeaks of a ſimilar *French* one.

SCRIVERIUS gives us the following *Epitaph*, which he found in *Douza's* Hand-writing.

IOANNI SECUNDO HAGENSI BATAVO, I. C^TO ORATORI AC POETÆ CLARISS. FINGENDI QVOQ. AC SCVLPENDI LAVDATISS. ARTIFICI, QVI PRIMVM IN HISPANIIS, IOANNI TAVERÆ TOLETANO CARDINALI; DEINDE IN PATRIA, ILLVSTRI GEORGIO AB EGMONDA, TRAIECTENSI PRÆSULI, ET HVIVS LOCI PRIMATI, AB EPISTOLIS ET SECRETIS FVIT; POSTREMO AB CAROLO V. IMP. AVG. ACCERSITVS. VT EANDEM DEINCEPS APVD SE FVNCTIONEM OBIRET, IMMATVRA NIMIVM MORTE RAPTO, MATER, FRATRES, AC SORORES TRISTISSIMI DESIDERII MONIMENTVM POSVERVNT,

VIXIT AN. IIII. ET XX. MENS X. DIES X. OBIIT ANNO AB RESTITVTA SALVTE M. D. XXXVI. VIII CALEND. OCTOB.

THIS *Epitaph* was effaced during the Civil Wars; but *Franciſcus Sweertius* in his Work *De Selectis Orbis Chriſtiani Deliciis*, among the *Tornacenſia*, ſhews it to be thus reſtored in the *Naſe* of the *Monaſtery Church* of *Saint Amand*, by the Abbot *Carolus de Par*; at the Deſire of *Dionyſius Villerius*, and *Hieronymus Winghius*.

IOANNI SECVNDO HAGIENSI,
Poëtæ celeberrimo & nulli ſecundo: cujus tumulum hæreticorum furore anno CIↃ IↃ LXVI *violatum*, CAROLUS DE PAR *Abbas, ob tanti viri memoriam reſtaurari C.*
Obijt anno CIↃ IↃ XXXVI, *Kalend. Octob.*
à Secretis Georgii Egmondani Trajectenſ. Epiſcopi, hujus loci Pro-Abbatis.

HAVING informed my Reader of every Circumſtance I am acquainted with relative to the *Life* of *Joannes Secundus*, which ſeems to have been a Life chiefly ſpent in Improvement, yet by no Means eſtranged to Pleaſure, and the Indulgence of the ſofter Paſſions; let me now ſay ſomething of his *Works*; which, for the Satisfaction of thoſe who may be any Way ſolicitous in their Enquiries after this *Author*, I ſhall enumerate as they ſtand in the ſecond Edition of

Scriverius, which is the moſt copious of any Edition of *Secundus* I have yet ſeen. They are as follows,

Series operum omnium quæ reperiri potuerunt.

IULIA, Eleg. Lib. I.

AMORES, Eleg. Lib. II.

AD DIVERSOS, Eleg. Lib. III.

BASIA, incomparabilis & divinus prorſus liber.

EPIGRAMMATA.

ODARUM, Liber unus.

EPISTOLARUM, Liber unus Elegiaco.

EPISTOLARUM, Liber alter Heroico carmine ſcriptus.

FUNERUM, Liber unus.

SYLVÆ, & CARMINUM Fragmenta.

POEMATA nonnulla Fratrum.

ITINERARIA Secundi tria, &c.

EPISTOLÆ totidem, ſoluta oratione.

To theſe is added an Epiſtle of *Hadrianus Marius*, *(Secundus's Brother)*, to *Servatius Zaſſenus*, a Bookſeller at *Lovain*, which throws ſome Lights upon the earlier Editions of *Secundus*. Alſo, a very excellent Treatiſe entitled *De Io: Secundo, Hagenſi*; *Deque Nicolao Patre, & Gente Nicolaïa*. Which contains upon the whole the moſt ſatisfactory Account of *Secundus* and his *Family* I have yet met with; and to this is added a little Poem of *Douza's*. Laſtly, are ſome Pieces under the Title of *Manes Io: Secundi*; *Auctoribus, Hadriano Mario, & Nicolao Grudio, Fratribus*.

WHAT Character theſe *Works* bear, is a Queſtion hardly neceſſary, when we ſee prefixed to them the Teſtimonies of ſeveral excellent Criticks; as *Lilius Greg. Gyraldus, Julius Cæſar Scaliger, Theodorus Beza*, and many others equally celebrated in the Republic of Letters; nor are the Commendations of his *Brothers* and his *Editors (Cripius* and *Scriverius* in particular) to be diſregarded: but, in ſhort, every Writer who mentions *Secundus* ſpeaks of him with Rapture. To give my Reader a general Idea of the great Eſtimation in which his Poems are held, I will inſert the following *Critique*, from a certain *French* Writer; which, upon the whole, is the moſt juſt and conciſe of any I know relative to the Subject.

On a de ce jeune Poëte Latin trois Livres d'Elegies; Un d'Epigrammes; deux d'Epitres; un d'Odes; un de Silves; un de Pieces funebres; un de Pieces galantes, qu'il a intitulé BASIA; & quelques autres Ouvrages poëtiques, qui ne ſe peuvent point rapporter à aucune de ces Eſpeces. Ces Ouvrages font voir que SECUNDUS avoit l'Eſprit delicat, agreable, & enjoué; ce qui eſt d'autant plus remarquable, qu'il etoit né dans un Climat qui ne paroit point favorable à la Gentileſſe d'Eſprit, qui eſt neceſſaire à ceux qui veulent reuſſir dans la belle Poëſie. Il ne ſortoit rien de ſa Veine que d' excellent, quoiqu' elle fut fort abondante, qu' elle coulât avec la plus grande Facilité du monde, & qu' il compoſât ſur-le-champ tout ce qu' il vouloit. Il eſt doux, tranquille, et fort net dans ſes Elegies; ſubtil & delicat dans ſes Epigrammes; agreable & noble dans ſes Vers lyriques; grave dans ſes Pieces funebres, ſans etre enflé ni guindé. On peut dire en general qu' il a le Style plein, elegant, & tendre dans tous ſes Ouvrages; & que, s'il avoit eu le Loiſir de travailler & de ſe perfectionner dans l'Epopée ou le Poëme Epique, il y auroit excellé; mais ſa Muſe eſt un peu trop laſcive.

" This

"This young Poet has left us three Books of Elegies; one "of Epigrams; two of Epiſtles; one of Sylvæ; one of Fu- "nera; one of gallant Pieces, which he has entitled BASIA; "and ſome other poetical Productions, which no Way relate "to any of the above-mentioned Kinds of Poetry. Theſe "Works altogether prove; that SECUNDUS was poſſeſſed "of a delicate, pleaſing, and lively Imagination; which is "by ſo much the more remarkable, as he was born in a Cli- "mate that does not appear the moſt favourable to polite "Taſte, ſo neceſſary for all who would diſtinguiſh themſelves "in elegant Poetry. His Genius, though extremely fertile, "never produced any Thing but what was excellent, and "that with the greateſt Eaſe, and almoſt inſtantaneouſly. "He is ſweet, calm, and at the ſame Time perſpicuous in his "Elegies; delicately ſubtle in his Epigrams; pleaſingly noble "in his lyric Compoſitions; grave in his Funera, without "any Thing pompous or bombaſtic. In ſhort, throughout "all his Works we may pronounce his Style to be full, ele- "gant, and tender; and we may be aſſured, that had his "Leiſure permitted him to have undertaken and improved "himſelf in Epic Poetry, he would have excelled in it; but "his Muſe is ſomewhat too wanton."

SECUNDUS ſeems to have been a general Imitator of all the tender Writers of Antiquity, as *Catullus*, *Tibullus*, *Propertius*, *C. Gallus*, *Ovid*, *Horace*, *&c.* but that he has particularly borrowed his Expreſſions from *Tibullus* and *Propertius*, I think will be very perceptible to any one who compares thoſe Authors with *Secundus*. *Catullus* is imagined to have given him the firſt Hint of his *Kiſſes*; and I think it very probable, as there are many of the Pieces of *Catullus* which may well be termed *Baſia*; ſuch are his fifth, ſeventh, and ninth *Carmina*.

AND here it may not be improper to ſpeak of *Joannes Bonefonius*, whoſe *Book of Kiſſes*, or *Pancharis* as it is called, (from the Lady's Name to whom the *Kiſſes* were addreſſed), is evidently wrote in Imitation of the *Kiſſes* of *Secundus*. This Author was a Native of *France*, being born at *Clermont* in *Auvergne*; he was *Lieutenant General* of *Bar-ſur-Seine*, and flouriſhed under the Reign of *Henry the Third*, but did not die till the Reign of *Lewis the Thirteenth*. His *Kiſſes*, which are Thirty-two in Number, and to which is added a Poem called *Pervigilium Veneris*, a poor Attempt after the Manner of the *Epithalamium laſcivum* of *Secundus*, have the higheſt Encomiums beſtowed upon them by *Borrichius*, *Rapin*, *Menage*, and others; but in general they are eſteemed far inferior to the *Kiſſes* of the *Dutch Poet*, as they are deficient in that Delicacy of Thought and Expreſſion, which diſtinguiſhes *Secundus*: beſides, the greater Part of them, though they may be *gallant Pieces*, cannot

be called *Baſia*; as they no Way refer to the Subject; for inſtance the following:

BONEFONII BASIUM XXIV.

En flores tibi mitto diſcolores,
Pallentemque roſam, & roſam rubentem;
Illam cùm aſpicies, miſelli amantis
Puta pallidulos videre vultus.
Cùm tueberis hanc rubore tinctam,
Putes igne rubens cor intueri.

Which may be thus rendered,

In this little Wreath unite
Roſes red, and Roſes white;
Take it, *beauteous Maid*, and trace
In the *White* my love-ſick Face;
But the *Red*'s an Emblem true
Of my Heart enflam'd by you.

HOWEVER, at the End of this Book I have added, as a Specimen of the Writing of *Bonefonius*, one of thoſe *Kiſſes* which may be allowed the Appellation.

THE

THE Works of this Poet are generally accompanied with a French Tranſlation, which has been wrongfully attributed by ſome to *Bonefonius* himſelf; and alſo with ſeveral pretty Pieces of the old French Poetry, under the Title of *Gayetez Amoureuſes:* yet there are Editions of the Latin of *Bonefonius* only. Before I have done with this Author, let me add; that he ought not to be confounded with his Son *Joannes Bonefonius*, who, I am informed, was a Latin Poet, but with whoſe Writings I am totally unacquainted.

THOUGH the Works of *Secundus* have gone through many Editions, yet all are at preſent become extremely ſcarce; the earlier ones in particular; inſomuch that this Poet is hardly known to have exiſted. In an Engliſh Tranſlation of his *Baſia*, publiſhed ſome Years ago, I found, very accurately drawn up, an Account of the various Editions of *Secundus*, by Way of Poſtſcript to a *Diſſertation* to *Sir Richard Mead, Bart.* which *Diſſertation*, by the by, contains the Life of *Secundus*. The general Heads of this Account I ſhall here ſet down, for the Benefit of ſuch as may be intereſted or curious in their Reſearches after our *Author*.

THAT none of the Works of *Joannes Secundus* came out during his Life is certain; but we are informed that a ſhort Time before he died, he had a Deſign of publiſhing, and had already laid down the Order in which his Pieces ſhould be printed. This Order his Brother *Marius* adopted, who

afte

after the Death of *Secundus*, was preparing an Edition of his Works for the Preſs; but was diverted from his Deſign, by the following Incident:

SECUNDUS's *Nænia* and *Epitaph* upon *Sir Thomas More*, an Engliſhman, who was beheaded in the Reign of our *Henry the Eighth*, (the *Nænia* ſigned *Eraſmus*, and the *Epitaph Io: S.*) were publiſhed by a German Printer ſurreptitiouſly, and ſome Time after republiſhed, (when the *Epitaph* was ſigned *Joannes Sapidus*); but the Copy which the Bookſeller had procured being extremely imperfect, *Marius*, in Juſtice to his deceaſed Brother as a Scholar, publiſhed correctly the *Nænia & Epitaph* alone; this Book was printed at *Lovain*, *Anno* 1536, by *Servatius Zaſſenus*, and is now of all others the moſt ſcarce of any Edition of *Secundus*.

BAILLET mentions the *Baſia* of *Secundus* to have come out ſeparately, in 4to, *Lugd. apud Griph.* 1536, and another Edition of them in 1539. *Scriverius* alſo ſpeaks of a 4to Edition of his *Baſia* ſeparate, printed at *Paris* in 1538; and *Baillet* likewiſe ſays, that his *Regia Pecunia*, which is among the *Sylvæ* in the *Scriverian* Edition, was printed ſeparate, in 4to, *Lugd.* 1552.

BUT no Edition of the Works of *Secundus* complete came out till the Year 1541, when an Edition was printed by *Hermannus Borculous*, *Batav.* in ſmall 8vo, which was ſuppoſed to have been put out by *Marius*; ſtill ſome political

Pieces relative to the *Engliſh* Court were in this new Edition ſuppreſſed, for private Reaſons.

THE next perfect Edition of our Poet's Works was that of *Gulielmus Cripius*, which was publiſhed at *Paris* 1561, *apud Andream Wechelum*; it was a much ſmaller 8vo, and of a much fairer Impreſſion than the former Edition; it was alſo accompanied with the *Hymns* and *Epigrams* of *Marullus*. And in the Year 1582 this Edition was reprinted.

SECUNDUS afterwards appeared in a Work printed by *Albinus*; which contained *Marullus*, *Angerianus*, & *Secundus*. It came out in *Germany*, 1595, *apud Bernardum Albinum*; but this Edition, which is in 12mo, as to Letter and Paper, is much inferior to that of *Cripius*. The *Nænia* and *Epitaph* on *Sir Thomas More* are in this Edition added, as the Productions of *Secundus*.

WE now come to the Editions of *Scriverius*, who is by far the beſt Editor of *Secundus*. *Scriverius* publiſhed his firſt Edition in the Year 1619, *Lugduni Batavorum*, *Typis Jacobi Marci*; it is an 8vo, and contains, beſides Amendments in thoſe Poems which were before printed, the following Additions, *viz.* A Collection of very reſpectable *Teſtimonies*; an *Account* of the *Life*, and *Family* of *Secundus*; the *Letter* from *Marius* to *Zaſſenus*, concerning that Edition of his Brother's Works which *Marius* firſt publiſhed; ſome *Fragments* of Poetry; a few familiar *Epiſtles* by *Secundus*; and, laſtly, the three *Itineraries* of

Secundus

Secundus, which are in Proſe, and of an eaſy elegant Style; theſe *Itineraries* were firſt publiſhed ſeparate at *Leyden*, by *Heinſius*, (who procured them from the Public Library of that Place), *ex Officina Jacobi Marci*, 1618. The Subject of the Firſt *Itinerary* of *Secundus* is his Journey from *Mechelen* to *Bourges* in *France*, when he went to ſtudy under *Alciatus*; that of the Second, his Return from *Mechelen* to *Bourges*; and that of the Third, his Journey into *Spain*, which he very pleaſingly deſcribes as far as *Almoigna*. We muſt remark, that in this Edition the *Baſia* are 22 in Number; as they include that *Sylva* of the Second Edition of *Scriverius*, entitled *Epithalamium Laſcivum*; and the 24th, and 58th *Epigrams*. And we muſt further obſerve, that there are two Cuts: the one is a Portrait of *Secundus*, repreſented with his carving Implements before him, and holding in his Hand a little oval Sculpture of his Miſtreſs *Julia*; this Portrait is undoubtedly engraved from ſome remarkable Painting by *Scorellius*: the other Cut is a ſmall Head of *Julia*; which, from the Inſcription round it, we may conclude to be copied from a Carving executed by her *Poet*; and is moſt probably the ſame as that, with which *Secundus* is drawn in his Hand.

THE Second Edition of *Scriverius* came out *Lugduni Batavorum*, *apud Franciſcum Hegerum*, 1631. It is in 12mo, and of a ſmaller Type than the former; its Emendations are conſiderable; and among its Additions are particularly the Poems of *Nicolaus Grudius*, and of *Hadrianus*

Marius, whoſe *Cymba Amoris* is a moſt beautiful Compoſition. This Edition of *Secundus* is, as far as I know, the moſt ample of any hitherto publiſhed.

A THIRD Edition was publiſhed by *Scriverius*, in 1651, *apud Franciſcum Moyaert, Lugduni Batavorum*; it differs in nothing from the preceding Edition, except that I think it much leſs correctly printed. The Author, from whom I have extracted this Account of the various Editions, ſays, that he never could get any Intelligence of this Edition; though *Monſ. Baillet* mentions that ſuch a one was extant; indeed I doubted of its Exiſtence myſelf till I ſaw it, for it is by no Means common.

An Edition of *Secundus* in 12mo, very lately fell into my Hands, printed at *Paris* in 1748, *Sumptibus Societatis*; the Letter and Paper are indifferent enough, as are the Cuts of *Secundus* and of *Julia* copied after thoſe in the 2d *Scriverian* Edition, from which it ſeems to be printed.

I LIKEWISE met with a great Part of the Poems of *Secundus*, in a little 12mo, Latin Collection, at *Paris*, where the Book was printed, though the Title Page has *Lugduni Batavorum* 1757. This Collection contains the following Poems; *Marci Antonii Mureti Juvenilia*; *Joannis Secundi Hagienſis Juvenilia*; *Pancharis Joannis Bonefonii Arverni*, that is his *Baſia*; and *Theodori Bezæ Vezelii Poemata*. Theſe *Juvenilia* of *Secundus* are his *Kiſſes*; the two firſt Books of his

Elegies compriſed in one, with the three *Elegiæ Solennes*; a Part of his *Epigrams*; ſome few of his *Odes*; and laſtly, the *Epithalamium*. Two very good Cuts of *Muretus* and of *Beza* ornament this Work, prefixt to their ſeparate Productions.

IT is proper to add; that the Poetic Part of *Secundus* may be met with in a Book, whoſe Title is, *Delights of the Belgic Poets*; it was publiſhed at *Francfort* in 16. *Anno* 1614, by *Ranutius Gerus*, which is only the Author's real Name *Janus Gruterus* diſguiſed under an Anagram. This Work is divided into four Volumes; the fourth, among others, contains the Poems of *Secundus*; the third, thoſe of his Brother *Hadrianus Marius*; and, in the ſecond Volume we find the Poems of his Brother *Nicolaus Grudius:* it is a very rare Work to procure.

THUS much for the Editions of *Secundus*, let us come now to his Tranſlators and Imitators. That Part of his Works, which had the greateſt Share of Beauty and Originality, we may conclude, would be moſt likely to be tranſlated and imitated; in Effect it has ſo proved; for, except his *Book of Kiſſes*, which are indiſputably truly beautiful and original, I cannot find that any entire ſelect Portion of his Works has been attempted; though I have ſeen ſeveral occaſional Tranſlations of his *Epigrams*, and *Elegies:* But the *Baſia*, which have ever been in the higheſt Eſteem, can boaſt a very early Imitator, *Bonefonius*; he has been already ſpoke

of; therefore we will proceed to his firſt Tranſlator in any modern Language, who was a Mr. *Stanley*, well known for having wrote that much eſteemed Work, *The Lives of the Philoſophers*. He tranſlated into Engliſh fourteen only of the nineteen *Baſia* of *Secundus*, (omitting the 8th, 10th, 11th, 12th, and 14th,) which were publiſhed, with many other Miſcellaneous *Poems* and *Tranſlations*, in the Year 1651. This is now a very rare and valuable Book; but its Scarcity is hardly to be regretted were it not for its Antiquity, as Mr. *Stanley's* Numbers would but little pleaſe a Modern Ear.

To enquire how far *Secundus* has been copied in any other Tongue would be tedious, and indeed would lead me far beyond the intended Bounds of this *Eſſay*; yet I cannot help taking Notice of a very ſplendid Publication of *Monſieur Dorat's*, which came out within theſe few Years in *France*, entitled *Les Baiſers*; it is enriched with *Vignettes* and *Culs-de-Lampes*, repreſenting the Subject of every *Kiſs*; and here moſt of the *Baſia* of *Secundus* are imitated, not tranſlated! this Book ſells at an exorbitant Price; but the Engravings, it is true, are inimitable! Specimens of *Monſ. Dorat's* Style of Compoſition may be ſeen ſcattered among the Notes to the *Kiſſes*; and there is one entire Piece of his at the End of this Work, entitled *Hymne au Baiſer*. Some one was ſoon after induced to put out the *Baſia* of *Secundus* very imperfectly copied, and accompanied with a miſerable *French* Tranſlation in Proſe; which the Author ſays may ſerve

ſerve as a *Supplement* to the *Kiſſes* of *Monſieur Dorat*; but this Edition is not worth Mention, nor ſhould I have touched upon it, had not *Monſieur Dorat's* Book led me to it.

I AM much ſurpriſed, that no *Italian* Author has ever yet attempted a poetical Verſion of theſe *Kiſſes*, which might be very gracefully and amorouſly turned into *Italian*; that Language poſſeſſing a thouſand little Delicacies and tender Expreſſions, which would well correſpond with the Subject; but certain it is, that the *Kiſſes* of *Secundus* never appeared in an *Italian* Dreſs. To return to the *Engliſh* Tranſlations.

THAT celebrated Poet Mr. *Fenton* tranſlated the *firſt* and *ſecond Baſia*, in ſuch a Manner as makes me regret he had not tranſlated them all; and Mr. *Ward*, Author of ſeveral good Poems, among which his *Phœnix-Park* is in no ſmall Eſtimation, tranſlated the *ninth* and *ſixteenth*. They are to be found in the reſpective Collections of theſe Authors.

BUT the only Tranſlation of the *Kiſſes* of *Secundus* complete that has hitherto appeared, came out in 1731, printed by *Henry Lintot*, in 12mo, without the Author's Name affixed to it; this Tranſlation is every where accompanied with the original Latin; and though it is an Edition of ſuch late Date, it is at preſent with Difficulty procured; it has Copies, engraved by the celebrated *Picart*, of the Cuts of *Secundus* and *Julia* from the *Scriverian* Edition; that of *Secundus* comprehends the whole Duodecimo Leaf; but

that of *Julia* is ſmall, and placed in the Middle of a Title Page, as the Print of *Secundus* is in this Book. It contains a Diſſertation, treating of the *Life* of *Secundus*, with a Poſtſcript concerning the various Editions; and another Diſſertation, which forms a *Critique* upon the *Baſia*. The Tranſlations of *Fenton* and *Ward* are preſerved; and the two *Epigrams*, included among the *Baſia* of the firſt Edition of *Scriverius*, ſtand here, one by Way of *Prologue*, the other by Way of *Epilogue* to the *Kiſſes*. The *Epithalamium*, or 20th *Kiſs* in the firſt Edition of *Scriverius*, is alſo retained; which having been ever allowed a moſt finiſhed Piece, I ſhall take the Liberty to inſert it at the End of the *Baſia* with a *new Tranſlation*, that I hope my Readers will eſteem at leaſt equal to the *old one* I had adopted in my *firſt Edition* of theſe *Kiſſes*. I have likewiſe preſerved the *Epigrams*, with the old Tranſlator's Verſification of them, which may ſerve to give ſome Idea of his Style, though perhaps to the Diſparagement of the preſent *Editor*.

EPIGRAMS.

JOANNIS SECUNDI,

DE LIBELLO SUO

BASIORUM,

EPIGRAMMA.

CASTA quòd enervi cantamus BASIA *libro;*
Versibus eludit fusca LYCINNA *meis.*

Et me languiduli VATEM *vocat* ÆLIA *penis;*
Quæ VENEREM *in Triviis Porticibusque locat.*

Scilicet expectant nostrum quoque noscere penem?
Parcite, TURPICULÆ! MENTULA *nulla mihi est.*

Nec vobis canto, nec vobis BASIA *figo.*
ISTA *legat teneri Sponsa rudis Pueri,*

ISTA *tener Sponsus, nondum maturus ad Arma,*
Exercet variis quæ VENUS *alma modis.*

EPIGRAM
OF
JOANNES SECUNDUS,
UPON HIS
BOOK OF
KISSES.

LYCINNA ſcorns my KISSES; they are chaſte!
Enerv'd I ſeem in her experienc'd Taſte.
And ÆLIA calls ME, "BARD WITH LANGUID STRINGS."
She that to Love in Streets her Off'rings brings.
Perhaps, my utmoſt STRENGTH they ſeek to know!
And VIGOR prove!—Go! HATEFUL WANTONS, go!
My STRENGTH, my VIGOR long deſpair to find;
For YOU theſe KISSES never were deſign'd;
Never for YOU were theſe ſoft Meaſures wrought:
Read ME, ye tender BRIDES of BOYS untaught!
Read ME, of BRIDES untaught ye tender BOYS!
Yet new to VENUS' ſweetly-varying Joys!

JOANNIS SECUNDI,

ad GRAMMATICOS,

cur ſcribat laſciviùs,

EPIGRAMMA.

CARMINA cur ſpargam cunctis laſciva libellis,
Quæritis? Inſulſos arceo GRAMMATICOS.

Fortia magnanimi canerem ſi CÆSARIS *arma,*
Factave DIVORUM *religioſa* VIRUM:

Quot miſer exciperemque notas, patererque lituras?
Quot fierem teneris ſupplicium Pueris?

At nunc uda mihi dictent cum BASIA *carmen,*
Pruriat et verſu mentula multa meo;

Me legat innuptæ Juvenis placiturus Amicæ,
Et placitura novo blanda Puella Viro:

EPIGRAM

OF

JOANNES SECUNDUS

TO THE

GRAMMARIAMS,

Why he writes wantonly.

WHY thus I ſport in wanton-meaſur'd Strains;
Why Love, in ev'ry Verſe, luxuriant, reigns?
To fright dull Pedants, learnedly-un-bred;
And Scholiasts baniſh, un-politely-read.
Shou'd I my Voice to mighty Cæsar raiſe;
Or tempt, of Saint-like Men, the ſacred Praiſe:
What Notes (oppreſſive Weight!) muſt I indure?
What Comments, obvious Readings to obſcure?
Expos'd, alas! to what un-letter'd Strains?
To Boys the certain Cauſe of future Pains?
But while on Kisses I imploy my Song;
Kisses! or moiſt or dry; or ſhort or long:
Me, ſummon the un-married Youth to Aid!

Et Quemcunque juvat lepidorum de grege Vatum
Otia festivis ludere Deliciis,

Lusibus at lætis procul hinc abstistite, SÆVI
GRAMMATICI, *injustas et cohibete manus.*

Ne Puer, ob molleis cæsus lacrymansque Lepores;
DURAM FORTE MEIS OSSIBUS OPTET HUMUM.

Me, bent on Joy, the newly-married Maid!
Me, the gay Bard, whom lighter Studies pleaſe;
Wiſely-indulging in delicious Eaſe!
But from theſe Sports, YE SAVAGE HERD, abſtain!
Theſe never with un-hallow'd Hands profane!
Nor turn to Grief, what we to Mirth deſign!
Leſt, puniſh'd for ſome ſoft perverted Line,
Wrong'd Innocence, with Tears unjuſtly ſhed,
"WISH THE COLD EARTH LIE HEAVY ON THE DEAD!"

THE KISSES OF JOANNES SECUNDUS.

Talis Ioannes oculis eram & ore Secundus,
Festinans quintam claudere Olympiadem:
Prævenit cita mors; at docti dextra Scorelli,
Quam dederat, vitam lædere non potuit.

Hadr. Marius frater.

JOANNIS SECUNDI BASIA.

KISSES.

BASIA.

BASIUM I.

CUM VENUS ASCANIUM *super alta* CYTHERA *tulisset,*
Sopitum teneris impositit violis;

[*Cum Venus Ascanium*, &c.] from *Virgil.*

At Venus Ascanio *placidum per membra quietem*
Irrigat: et fotum gremio Dea *tollit in altos*
Idaliæ lucos, ubi mollis Amaracus illum
Floribus et dulci aspirans complectitur umbrâ.

VIRG. Æneid. Lib. 1.

Alba

KISSES.

KISS I.

WHEN young ASCANIUS, by the QUEEN OF LOVE,
Was borne to ſweet CYTHERA's lofty Grove;
His languid Limbs upon a Couch ſhe laid,
A fragrant Couch! of new-blown Vi'lets made;

The *Goddeſs* then to young *Aſcanius* flies,
And in a pleaſing Slumber ſeals his Eyes;
Lull'd in her Lap, amidſt a Train of Loves,
She gently bears him to her bliſsful Groves;
Then with a Wreath of Myrtle crowns his Head,
And ſoftly lays him on a flow'ry Bed.

DRYDEN.

Albarum nimbos circumfuditque roſarum,

Et totum liquido ſparſit odore locum.

Mox veteres animo revocavit ADONIDIS *igneis,*

Notus & irrepſit ima per oſſa calor.

O, quoties voluit circundare colla nepotis?

O, quoties dixit? "*Talis* ADONIS *erat!*"

Sed placidam PUERI *metuens turbare quietem,*

Fixit vicinis BASIA *mille roſis.*

Ecc

[*Talis Adonis erat, &c.*] *Adonis* was the Son of *Cynaras*, King of *Cypr* by his own Daughter *Myrrha*; he was a Youth of exquiſite Beauty, tende beloved by *Venus*; it is ſaid he was ſlain, in hunting, by a wild Boar; whi Fable has given riſe to one of the moſt beautiful Compoſitions extant, we know

The bliſsful Bow'r with ſhadowing Roſes crown'd,
And balmy-breathing Airs diffus'd around.

The ſleeping YOUTH in Silence ſhe admir'd;
And with Remembrance of ADONIS fir'd,
Her wonted Flames in fiercer Tides return'd,
Thrill'd in each Vein, and in her Boſom burn'd.
How oft ſhe wiſh'd, as ſhe ſurvey'd his Charms,
Around his Neck to throw her eager Arms;
Oft would ſhe ſay, admiring ev'ry Grace,
"Such was ADONIS! ſuch his lovely Face!"
But fearing, leſt this fond Exceſs of Joy
Might break the Slumber of the BEAUTEOUS BOY;
On ev'ry Roſe-bud, that around him blow'd,
A Thouſand nectar'd KISSES ſhe beſtow'd;

---

known to every claſſical Reader; I mean *Bion's* firſt *Idyllium*, wherein *Venus* laments, with ſweeteſt Language, the Death of her Lover, who was changed into an Anemone. *Vide Ovid. Metam. Lib.* X.

Ecce calent illæ, cupidæque per ora DIONÆS
Aura, ſuſurranti flamine, lenta ſubit.

Quotque roſas tetigit, tot BASIA *nata repentè*
Gaudia reddebant multiplicata DEÆ.

At CYTHEREA, *natans niveïs per nubila cygnis,*
Ingentis terræ cœpit obire globum.

TRIP-

[*Ecce calent illæ, &c.*] This Metamorphoſis reminds me of one ſomething like it, in *Shakeſpear*.

Yet mark'd I where the Bolt of *Cupid* fell:
It fell upon a little weſtern Flow'r,
Before Milk-white, now Purple with Love's Wound;
And Maidens call it *Love in Idleneſs*.

SHAK. *Midſummer-Night's Dream.*

I would

And ſtrait each op'ning Bud, which late was White,
Bluſh'd a warm Crimſon to th' aſtoniſh'd Sight;
Still in DIONE's Breaſt ſoft Wiſhes riſe,
Soft Wiſhes! vented with ſoft-whiſper'd Sighs!
Thus, by her Lips unnumber'd Roſes preſs'd
KISSES, unfolding in ſweet Bloom, confeſs'd;
And, fluſh'd with Rapture at each new-born KISS,
She felt her ſwelling Soul o'erwhelm'd in Bliſs.

Now round this Orb, ſoft-floating on the Air,
The BEAUTEOUS GODDESS ſpeeds her radiant Car;
As in gay Pomp the harneſs'd Cygnets fly,
Their ſnow-white Pinions glitter thro' the Sky:

I would not inſinuate, by this Quotation, that *Shakeſpear* was indebted to *Secundus* for his Thought; as it may be reaſonably contended, whether the *Engliſh Poet* was Scholar ſufficient to be acquainted with the *Latin Bard*. That ſame Luxuriance of Fancy, which both equally poſſeſſed, might certainly inſpire each with ſimilar Ideas.

TRIPTOLEMIQUE *modo, fœcundis* OSCULA *glebis*
Sparſit, & ignotos ter dedit ore ſonos.

Inde ſeges felix nata eſt mortalibus agris;
Inde medela meis unica nata malis.

Salvete æternùm, miſeræ moderamina flammæ,
Humida de gelidis BASIA *nata roſis.*

En

[*Triptolemique modo, &c.*] *Triptolemus*, according to *Hyginus*, was the Son of *Eleuſius*; or, according to *Pauſanias*, Son of *Celeus* of *Eleuſis*, a Town of *Athens*. He was bred up from his Infancy by *Ceres*, who fed him with Milk in the Day, and covered him with Fire at Night; ſhe taught him Agriculture, and ſent him over the World in a Chariot loaded with Corn, to teach Mankind that Science; when he firſt inſtructed *Greece*. Thus *Ovid* briefly mentions him.

Iſte

And like TRIPTOLEMUS, whoſe bounteous Hand
Strew'd golden Plenty o'er the fertile Land;
Fair CYTHEREA, as ſhe flew along,
O'er the vaſt Lap of Nature KISSES flung;
Pleas'd from on high ſhe view'd th' enchanted Ground,
And from her Lips thrice fell a magic Sound:
HE gave to Mortals Corn on ev'ry Plain;
But SHE thoſe Sweets which mitigate my Pain.

Hail then, ye KISSES! that can beſt aſſuage
The Pangs of Love, and ſoften all its Rage!
Ye balmy KISSES! that from Roſes ſprung;
Roſes! on which the Lips of VENUS hung:

Iſte quidem mortalis erit: ſed primus arabit,
Et ſeret, et cultâ præmia tollet humo.

OVID. *Faſt. Lib.* 4.

'Tis true, the Youth ſhall be a Mortal born,
Nor ſhall his Hands inſtructive Labour ſcorn;
He firſt ſhall plough, firſt ſow the grateful Soil,
And reap the Bleſſings that await ſuch Toil.

Lo!

En ego ſum, veſtri quo VATE *canentur honores,*
Nota MEDUSÆI *dum juga montis erunt;*

Et memor ÆNEADUM *ſtirpiſque diſertus amatæ,*
Mollia ROMULIDUM *verba loquetur* AMOR.

BASIUM

[*Nota Meduſæi dum juga, &c.*] *Parnaſſus*, the *Muſes' Hill*, was ſaid to have two Summits; in the Cleft between which, if any one ſlept, he preſently became

Lo! I'm the BARD; while yet th' AONIAN Shades
Boaſt their proud Verdures, and their flow'ry Glades;
While yet a Laurel guards the SACRED SPRING;
Whoſe fond, impaſſion'd Muſe of YOU ſhall ſing:
And LOVE; enraptur'd with the LATIAN Name,
With that dear Race from which your Lineage came;
In LATIAN Strains ſhall celebrate your Praiſe,
And tell your high Deſcent to future Days.

---

became a Poet. *Perſius* applies the Epithet *biceps* to this Mountain.—I have given this Paſſage a different Turn in the Tranſlation.

BASIUM II.

VICINA quantùm vitis lasciviit in ulmo,
Et tortiles per ilicem

Brachia proceram stringunt immensa corimbi;
Tantùm, NEÆRA, *si queas*

In mea nexilibus proserpere colla lacertis;
Tali, NEÆRA, *si queam*

Candida perpetuùm nexu tua colla ligare,
Jungens perenne BASIUM.

Tunc me nec CERERIS, *nec amici cura* LYÆI,
SOPORIS *aut amabilis,*

VITA,

[*Et tortiles per ilicem, &c.*] *Horace* has the same Comparison, mentioning the Embraces of his *Neæra.*

Arctiùs atque hedera procera astringitur ilex,
Lentis adhærens brachiis.

HOR. *Epod.* 15.

N

KISS II.

As round ſome neighb'ring Elm the Vine
Its am'rous Tendrils loves to twine;
As round the Oak, in many a Maze,
The Ivy flings its gadding Sprays:
Thus! let me to your ſnowy Breaſt,
My dear NEÆRA! thus be preſt;
While I as fondly in my Arms,
NEÆRA! claſp thy yielding Charms:
And, with one long, long KISS improve
Our mutual Extaſies of Love.

Should CERES pour her plenteous Hoard,
Should BACCHUS crown the feſtive Board,
Should balmy SLEEP luxurious ſpread
His downy Pinions o'er my Head;
Yet not for theſe my Joys I'd break,
For theſe! thy vermil Lips forſake.

Not the tall Oak could claſping Ivy bind
So cloſe, as round me thy fond Arms were twin'd.

VITA, *tuo de purpureo divelleret ore:*

Sed mutuis in OSCULIS

Defectos, ratis una duos portaret Amanteis

Ad pallidam DITIS *domum.*

Mox per odoratos campos, & perpetuum ver

Produceremur in loca,

[*Mox per odoratos compos, &c.*] This Deſcription of *Elyſium* ſeems to be imitated from *Tibullus.*

Hic choreæ, cantuſque vigent, paſſimque vagantes
Dulce ſonant tenui gutture carmen aves.
Fert caſiam non culta ſeges, totoſque per agros
Floret odoratis terra benigna roſis.
Hic juvenum ſeries teneris immiſta puellis
Ludit, & aſſidue prælia miſcet Amor.
Illic eſt cuicumque rapax mors venit amanti,
Et gerit inſigni myrtea ſerta comâ.

TIBULL. Lib. I. Eleg. 3

Sempe

At length; when ruthleſs Age denies
A longer Bliſs, and ſeals our Eyes;
One Bark ſhall waft our Spirits o'er,
United, to the STYGIAN Shore:
Then, paſſing thro' a tranſient Night,
We'll enter ſoon thoſe Fields of Light;
Where, breathing richeſt Odours round,
A Spring eternal paints the Ground:

There Joy and ceaſeleſs Revelry prevail;
There ſoothing Muſick floats on ev'ry Gale;
There painted Warblers hop from Spray to Spray,
And, wildly-pleaſing, ſwell the gen'ral Lay:
There ev'ry Hedge, untaught, with Caſſia blooms,
And ſcents the ambient Air with rich Perfumes:
There ev'ry Mead, a various Plenty yields;
There laviſh *Flora* paints the purple Fields:
With ceaſeleſs Light a brighter *Phœbus* glows,
No Sickneſs tortures, and no Ocean flows;
But Youths aſſociate with the gentle Fair,
And, ſtung with Pleaſure, to the Shade repair:
With them Love wanders whereſo'er they ſtray;
Provokes to Rapture, and inflames the Play:
But chief, the conſtant Few, by Death betray'd,
Reign, crown'd with Myrtle, Monarchs of the Shade.

GRAINGER.

Semper ubi, antiquis in amoribus, HEROINAE,
HEROAS *inter nobileis,*

Aut ducunt choreas, alternave carmina lætæ,
In valle cantant myrteâ.

Quà violisque, rosisque, & flavi-comis narcissis,
Umbraculis trementibus

Illudit lauri nemus; & crepitante susurro
Tepidi suâvè sibilant

Æternùm ZEPHYRI: *nec vomere saucia* TELLUS
Fœcunda solvit ubera.

Where HEROES once in Valour prov'd,
And beauteous HEROINES once belov'd,
Again with mutual Paſſion burn,
Feel all their wonted Flames return;
And now in ſportive Meaſures tread
The flow'ry Carpet of the Mead;
Now ſing the jocund, tuneful Tale
Alternate in the Myrtle Vale:
Where ceaſeleſs ZEPHYRS fan the Glade,
Soft-murm'ring thro' the Laurel Shade;
Beneath whoſe waving Foliage grow
The Vi'let ſweet of purple Glow,
The Daffodil that breathes Perfume,
And Roſes of immortal Bloom:
Where EARTH her Gifts ſpontaneous yields,
Nor Plough-ſhare cuts th' unfurrow'd Fields.

Turba BEATORUM *nobis assurgeret omnis,*

Inque herbidis sedilibus,

Inter MÆONIDAS, *primâ nos sede locarent:*

Nec ulla Amatricum JOVIS

Præ-repto cedens indignaretur honore;

Nec nata TYNDARIS JOVE.

[*Nec nata Tyndaris, &c.*] The beauteous *Helen*, Wife to *Menelaus*, whom *Paris* stole away, causing the celebrated Siege of *Troy*, sung by *Homer*, is too well

Soon as we enter theſe Abodes
Of happy Souls, of Demi-Gods:
The BLEST ſhall all reſpectful riſe,
And view us with admiring Eyes;
Shall ſeat us mid th' immortal Throng;
Where I, renown'd for tender Song,
A POET's and a LOVER's Praiſe
At once ſhall gain, and claim the Bays;
While THOU, enthron'd above the Reſt,
Wilt ſhine in Beauty's Train confeſt:
Nor ſhall the MISTRESSES of JOVE
Such partial Honours diſapprove;
E'en HELEN, tho' of RACE DIVINE,
Will to thy Charms her Rank reſign.

---

well known to be ſpoke of here; moſt of the antient Claſſics mention ſome-thing of her Hiſtory.

BASIUM III.

"*DA mihi* SUAVIOLUM *(dicebam) blanda* PUELLA!"
Libâsti labris mox mea labra tuis.

Inde, velut presso qui territus angue resultat,
Ora repentè meo vellis ab ore procul.

Non hoc SUAVIOLUM *dare,* LUX MEA, *sed dare tantùm*
Est desiderium flebile SUAVIOLI.

[*Da mihi Suaviolum, &c.*] Some of my Readers may be pleased to see this lovely little Poem appears in a French Dress. *Monsr. Dorat*, in his *Bai* entitles it, L'ETINCELLE.

Donne moi, ma belle Maîtresse,
Donne moi, disois-je, un *Baiser*
Doux, amoureux, plein de tendresse——
Tu n'osas me le refuser:
Mais que mon bonheur fut rapide!
Ta bouche à peine, souviens-t-en,
Eut effleuré ma bouche avide,

KISS III.

"ONE KISS, enchanting MAID!" (I cry'd)—
One little KISS! and then adieu!
Your Lips, with luſcious Crimſon dyed,
To mine with trembling Rapture flew:

But quick thoſe Lips my Lips forſake,
With wanton, tantalizing Jeſt;
So ſtarts ſome Ruſtic from the Snake
Beneath his heedleſs Footſtep preſt:

Is this to grant the wiſh'd-for KISS?—
Ah! no, MY LOVE—'tis but to fire
The Boſom with a TRANSIENT BLISS,
Enflaming unallay'd Deſire.

Elle s'en détache à l'inſtant.
Ainſi s'exhale une *Etincelle.*
Oui, plus que Tantale agité,
Je vois comme une Onde infidelle,
Fuir le bien qui m'eſt préſenté.
Ton *Baiſer* m' échappe, *Cruelle!*
Le Deſir ſeul m'en eſt reſté.

DORAT *Baiſer* 2.

BASIUM IV.

NON dat BASIA, *dat* NEÆRA *Nectar,*

Dat Rores animæ ſuâvè-olentes;

Dat Nardumque, Thymumque, Cinnamumque;

Et Mel, quale jugis legunt HYMETTI,

[*Non dat Baſia, dat Neæra Nectar, &c.*] The following *Greek Epigram* ſeems to have furniſhed *Secundus* with the Thought.

Κυρη τις μ' εφιλησε ποθεσπερα χειλεσιν ὑγροις.
Νεκταρ ην το φιλημα· το γαρ ϛομα νεκταρεον πνει.
Νυν μεθυω το φιλημα, πολυν τον ερωτα πεπωκως.

ANTHOLOG.

Phillis the gay, in Robe of Beauty dreſt,
Late on my Lips a humid *Kiſs* impreſt;
The *Kiſs* was Nectar which the Fair beſtow'd,
For in her am'rous Breath a Gale of Nectar flow'd.
What Love, ye Gods! what Raptures in her *Kiſs!*
My Soul was drunk with Extaſy of Bliſs.

Aut

KISS IV.

'TIS not a Kiss you give, my Love!
'Tis richeſt Nectar from above!
A fragrant Show'r of balmy Dews,
Which thy ſweet Lips alone diffuſe!
'Tis ev'ry aromatic Breeze,
That wafts from Afric's ſpicy Trees!
'Tis Honey from the ozier Hive,
Which chymiſt Bees with Care derive

Buchanan too has prettily expreſſed this Conceit.

Cum das Baſia, *Nectaris* Neæra
Das mi Pocula, das dapes Deorum.

Buchan. *Hendecaſyl. Lib.*

All thy *Kiſſes, ſweeteſt Fair!*
Luſcious Draughts of Nectar are;
Are the Banquets *heav'nly Pow'rs*
Taſte in their Olympian Bow'rs.

Aut in CECROPIIS *apes roſetis,*

Atque, hinc virgíneis & inde ceris,

Septum vimineo tegunt quaſillo.

Quæ, ſi multa mihi voranda dentur,

Immortalis in his repentè fiam,

Magnorumque epulis fruar DEORUM.

[*Aut in Cecropiis, &c.*] *Cecropiis* ſignifies *Athenian*, from *Cecrops* King of *Athens*. *Athens*, or *Attica*, was a moſt lovely Country, rich in flowering Sweets, and celebrated for Honey. *Virgil* ſpeaks thus of *Attic* Bees:

Cecropias *innatus Apes amor urget habendi.*

VIRG. *Georg.* 4.

Moſt prone are *Attic* Bees to honied Toils.

I may alſo remark, that *Hymettus* is a Mountain covered with Thyme near *Athens*, more particularly famous for its Honey. Thus *Horace* by Way of comparative Excellency;

Ubi non Hymetto
Mella decedunt. HOR. *Ode* 6. *Lib.* 2.
Where not the Labours of the Bee
Yield to *Hymettus'* golden Stores

FRANCIS.

From all the newly-open'd Flow'rs,
That bloom in CECROPS' roſeate Bow'rs;
Or from the breathing Sweets that grow
On fam'd HYMETTUS' thymy Brow:
But if ſuch KISSES you beſtow,
If from your Lips ſuch Raptures flow,
Thus bleſt! ſupremely bleſt by Thee!
Ere long I muſt immortal be;
Muſt taſte on Earth thoſe Joys that wait
The Banquets of CELESTIAL STATE.
Then ceaſe thy Bounty, DEAREST FAIR!
Such precious Gifts, then ſpare! oh ſpare!
Or, if I muſt immortal prove,
Be Thou immortal too, MY LOVE!

Strabo and *Pliny* affirm, that this Mountain was alſo remarkable for its Marble—*Vid.* STRAB. *Lib.* 9, and PLIN. *Lib.* 17. *Cap.* 1.

For

Sed tu munere parce, parce tali,

Aut mecum DEA *fac,* NEÆRA, *fias.*

Non menſas ſine te volo DEORUM;

Non, ſi me rutilis præeſſe REGNIS,

Excluſo JOVE, DII DEÆQUE *cogant.*

[*Non menſas ſine te, &c.*] *Tibullus* was equally averſe with our *Secundus* t every Felicity that his *Neæra* did not ſhare with him.

Sit mihi paupertas tecum, jucunda Neæra;
At ſine te, regum munera nulla volo.

TIBULL. *Lib.* 3. *El.* 3.

or, ſhould the HEAV'NLY POW'RS requeſt
Ty Preſence at th' ambroſial Feaſt;
Vay, ſhould they JOVE himſelf dethrone,
nd yield to me his radiant Crown;
d ſcorn it all, nor would I deign
'er golden REALMS OF BLISS to reign;
VE's radiant Crown I'd ſcorn to wear,
nleſs Thou might'ſt ſuch Honours ſhare;
nleſs Thou too, with equal Sway,
ight'ſt rule with me the REALMS OF DAY.

Poor let me be; for Poverty can pleaſe
With *You*; without *You*, Crowns could give no Eaſe.

GRAINGER

KISS

BASIUM V.

DUM me mollibus, hinc & hinc, lacertis

Aſtrictum premis, imminenſque toto

Collo, pectore, lubricoque vultu,

Dependes humeris, NEÆRA, *noſtris:*

Componenſque meis labella labris,

Et morſu petis & gemis remorſa;

[*Dependes humeris, &c.*] *Monſ. Dorat* has thus prettily turned this

Belle *Thaïs*, ô toi que j' idolâtre,
Dans des bras amoureux quand je tombe éperdu,
Et qu' à tes épaules d' albâtre
Entrelaçant les miens, je reſte ſuſpendu.

DORAT *Baiſer.*

KISS V.

WHILE you, NEÆRA, cloſe entwine
In frequent Folds your Frame with mine:
And hanging o'er, to view confeſt,
Your Neck, and gently-heaving Breaſt;
Down on my Shoulders ſoft decline
Your Beauties more than half divine;
With wand'ring Looks that o'er me rove,
And fire the melting Soul with Love.

While you, NEÆRA, fondly join
Your little pouting Lips with mine;
And frolic bite your am'rous Swain,
Complaining ſoft if bit again;
And ſweetly-murm'ring pour along
The trembling Accents of your Tongue,
Your Tongue! now here now there that ſtrays,
Now here now there delighted plays;
That now my humid KISSES ſips,
Now wanton darts between my Lips:

Et linguam tremulam, hinc & inde, vibras;

Et linguam querulam, hinc & inde, fugis;

Aſpirans animæ ſuâvis auram

Mollem, dulci-ſonam, humidam, meæque

Altricem miſeræ, NEÆRA, *vitæ:*

Hauriens animam meam caducam,

Flagrantem, nimio vapore coctam,

Coctam! pectoris impotentis æſtu;

Eludiſque meas, NEÆRA, *flammas,*

Flabro pectoris haurientis æſtum,

[*Et linguam tremulam, &c.*] A French Writer ſeems to have paraphraſed theſe Thoughts, with no ſmall Degree of Merit.

Et qu'en ces jeux nos langues fretillardes
S' étreignent mollement ——
Quand je te *baiſe*, un gracieux zéphire,
Un petit vent moite et doux qui ſoupire,
Va mon cœur éventant.

L'ABBE DESPORTES.

O! ju

And on my Boſom raptur'd lie;
Venting the gently-whiſper'd Sigh;
A Sigh! that kindles warm Deſires,
And kindly fans Life's drooping Fires;
Soft as the Zephyr's breezy Wing,
And balmy as the Breath of Spring.

While you, SWEET NYMPH! with am'rous Play,
In KISSES ſuck my Breath away;
My Breath! with waſting Warmth replete,
Parch'd by my Breaſt's contagious Heat;
Till, breathing-ſoft, you pour again
Returning Life thro' ev'ry Vein;
And thus elude my Paſſion's Rage,
Love's burning Fever thus aſſuage.

Our Tongues in humid Pleaſures roll;
And, mid the Frolic, blend each Soul——
Whene'er thy Lips a *Kiſs* impart;
Moiſt Breezes, with voluptuous ſighing,
Exhale rich Nectar as they'r dying:
Breezes that cool my fever'd Heart!

O! JUCUNDA MEI CALORIS AURA:

Tunc, dico; "DEUS *eſt* AMOR *Deorum!*

" *Et nullus* DEUS *eſt* AMORE *major!*

" *Si quiſquam tamen eſt* AMORE *major;*

" *Tu, Tu, ſola mihi es,* NEÆRA, *major!*"

[*O! jucunda, &c.*] An Expreſſion ſo beautifully, ſo delicately metaph
cal, cannot ſure be found in any Writer; *Petrarch* very frequently app
the Word *Gale* to his Miſtreſs, for the Sake of the *concetti*, ſo peculia
Italian Poetry; *L'aura, the Gale*, ſignifying alſo her Name, *Laura.*

L'aura *ſerena, che fra verdi fronde*
Mormorando, à ferir nel volto viemme. PETRAR. SONETTO

Soft *Gale!* that murmurs thro' the verdant Grove,
Plays o'er my Face, and playing whiſpers Love.

L'aura *mia ſacra al mio ſtanco ripoſo*
Spira ſi ſpeſſo. SONETTO 3

Oh my ſweet *Gale! Gale* dear to loſt Repoſe,
Breathing ſo frequent!

But ſuch Conceits cannot compare with this one exquiſite Line of Sec

Sweet Nymph! whoſe Sweets can beſt allay
Thoſe Fires that on my Boſom prey,
Sweet! as the cool refreſhing Gale,
That blows when ſcorching Heats prevail.

Then, more than bleſt, I fondly ſwear,
"No Pow'r can with Love's Pow'r compare!
"None in the ſtarry Court of Jove
"Is greater than the God of Love!
"If any can yet greater be,
"Yes, my Neæra! yes, 'tis Thee!"

[*Tunc dico, &c.*] Thus beautifully again the French Imitator.

Alors je renais, et m' écrie:
L'Amour ſoumet la Terre, aſſujettit les Cieux,
Les Rois ſont à ſes pieds, il gouverne les Dieux;
Il mêle en ſe jouant des pleurs à l' ambroiſie;
Il eſt maître abſolu: mais *Thaïs* aujourd'hui
L'emporte ſur les Rois, ſur les Dieux, et ſur lui.

Donat. *Baſer* 6.

BASIUM VI.

DE meliore notâ bis BASIA *mille paciſcens;*
BASIA *mille dedi,* BASIA *mille tuli.*

Explêſti numerum, fateor, JUCUNDA NEÆRA!
Expleri numero ſed nequit ullus AMOR.

Quis laudet CERERE*M numeratis ſurgere ariſtis?*
Gramen in irriguâ quis numeravit humo?

Quis tibi, BACCHE, *tulit pro centum vota racemis?*
AGRICOLUMVE DEUM *mille popoſcit apeis?*

[*Agricolumve Deum, &c.*] *Ariſtæus*, one of the rural Deities, who is ſai to have firſt diſcovered the Uſe of Honey; *vid. Pauſanias in Arcadicis.* A pretty Hiſtory of him may be found in *Virgil, Georg.* iv.

KISS VI.

TWO THOUSAND KISSES of the ſweeteſt Kind,
'Twas once agreed, our mutual Love ſhou'd bind;
Firſt from my Lips a rapt'rous THOUSAND flow'd,
Then you a THOUSAND in your Turn beſtow'd;
The promis'd NUMBERS were fulfill'd, I own,
But LOVE ſuffic'd with NUMBERS ne'er was known!
What Mortal ſtrives to count each ſpringing Blade,
That ſpreads the Surface of a graſſy Mead?
Who prays for number'd Ears of rip'ning Grain,
When laviſh CERES yellows o'er the Plain?
Or to a ſcanty Hundred wou'd confine
The cluſt'ring Grapes, when BACCHUS loads the Vine?
Who aſks the GUARDIAN OF THE HONIED STORE
To grant a Thouſand Bees, and grant no more?

Cùm pius irrorat ſitienteis JUPPITER *agros,*
Deciduæ guttas non numeramus aquæ.

Sic quoque, cùm ventis concuſſus inhorruit aër,
Sumpſit & iratâ JUPPITER *arma manu,*

Grandine confusâ Terras & Cærula pulſat,
Securus ſternat quot ſata, quotve locis.

Seu bona, ſeu mala ſunt, veniunt uberrima COELO:
Majeſtas Domui convenit illa JOVIS.

Or tells the Drops, while o'er ſome thirſty Field
The LIQUID STORES are from above diſtill'd?
When JOVE with Fury hurls the moulded Hail,
And Earth and Sea deſtructive Storms aſſail;
Or when he bids, from his tempeſtuous Sky,
The Winds unchain'd with waſting Horror fly;
THE GOD ne'er heeds what Harveſts he may ſpoil,
Nor yet regards each deſolated Soil:
So, when its Bleſſings BOUNTEOUS HEAV'N ordains,
It ne'er with ſparing Hand the GOOD reſtrains;
EVILS in like Abundance too it ſhow'rs;
Well ſuits Profuſion with IMMORTAL POW'RS!
Then ſince ſuch Gifts with heav'nly Minds agree,
Shed, GODDESS-LIKE, your Blandiſhments on me;
And ſay, NEÆRA! for that Form divine
Speaks Thee deſcended of ÆTHERIAL LINE;

Tu quoque cùm DEA *ſis*, DIVA *formoſior illâ*,
Concha per æquoreum quam vaga ducit iter;

BASIA *cur numero*, COELESTIA DONA, *coërces?*
Nec numeras gemitus, DURA PUELLA, *meos?*

Nec Lachrymas numeras, quæ per faciemque, ſinumque,
Duxerunt rivos ſemper-euntis aquæ?

[*Concha per æquoreum, &c.*] The Shell of *Venus* has been celebrated by Claſſics, both ancient and modern.

Et faveas Conchâ Cypria *vecta tuâ.*

TIBULL. *Lib.* iii. *El.*

And aid me, *Venus!* from thy pearly Car.

GRAINGER.

And thus *Hercules Strozza*,

Nabat Erythræâ materna per æquora Conchâ,
Qualis erat ſpumis edita, nuda Venus.

HERC. STROZ. *Amorum L.* ii. *El.*

In Erythrean Shell the *Sea-born Queen*
Rode on her native Waves, her native Beauties ſeen.

Say, GODDESS! than that GODDESS lovelier far,
Who roams o'er Ocean in her pearly Car;
Your KISSES, BOONS CELESTIAL! why withhold?
Or why by ſcanty Numbers are they told?
Still you ne'er count, HARD-HEARTED MAID! thoſe Sighs,
Which in my lab'ring Breaſt inceſſant riſe;
Nor yet thoſe lucid Drops of tender Woe,
Which down my Cheeks in quick Succeſſion flow.
Yes, DEAREST LIFE! your KISSES number all;
And number too my ſorrowing Tears that fall:

[*Duxerunt rivos ſemper-euntis*, &c.] The perpetual Stream of Sorrow is thus pleaſingly expreſſed by *Sidronius Hoſſchius*, a Latin Poet, born at *Marke* in *Germany*, who flouriſhed in the Beginning of the 17th Century.

At vos perpetuis, Lacrimæ, mihi currite rivis!

HOSSCH. S. PETRI. *Eleg.* ii.

But you, my Tears, in Streams for ever flow!

Si numeras Lachrymas, numeres licet Oscula, *sed ſi*
Non numeras Lachrymas, Oscula *ne numeres.*

Et mihi da, miſeri Solatia vana *doloris,*
Innumera innumeris Basia *pro Lachrymis.*

Or, if you count not all the Tears, MY FAIR!
To count the KISSES ſure you muſt forbear.
But let thy Lips now ſooth a Lover's Pain,
(Yet Griefs like mine what SOOTHINGS ſhall reſtrain!)
If Tears unnumber'd Pity can regard,
Unnumber'd KISSES muſt each Tear reward.

BASIUM VII.

CENTUM BASIA *centies,*

Centum BASIA *millies,*

Mille BASIA *millies,*

Et tot MILLIA *millies,*

Quot Guttæ SICULO *mari,*

Quot sunt Sidera COELO,

Istis purpureis GENIS,

Istis turgidulis LABRIS,

[*Turgidulis Labris, &c.*] These Words might perhaps be best translated applying *Suckling's* beautiful Description of a Lip, which, he says, looks though

Some Bee had stung it newly.

SUCKLING.

KISS VII.

KISSES told by HUNDREDS o'er!
THOUSANDS told by THOUSANDS more!
MILLIONS! countleſs MILLIONS! then,
Told by MILLIONS o'er again!
Countleſs! as the Drops that glide
In the OCEAN's billowy Tide,
Countleſs! as yon Orbs of Light
Spangled o'er the Vault of NIGHT,
I'll with ceaſeleſs Love beſtow
On thoſe CHEEKS of crimſon Glow,
On thoſe LIPS of gentle Swell,
On thoſe EYES where Raptures dwell.

OCELLISQUE *loquaculis,*

Ferrem continuo impetu;

O, FORMOSA NEÆRA!

Sed dum totus inhæreo

Conchatim roſeis GENIS,

Conchatim rutilis LABRIS,

OCELLISQUE *loquaculis;*

Non datur tua cernere

LABRA, *non roſeas* GENAS,

OCELLOSQUE *loquaculos,*

Molleis nec mihi RISUS:

[*Ocelliſque loquaculis, &c.*] How delicate is this Expreſſion! it reminds of the following I met with in ſome old Latin Author.

O blandos oculos, & O facetos,
Et quadam propria nota loquaces!

POET. VET.

But when circled in thy Arms;

As I'm panting o'er thy Charms;

O'er thy CHEEKS of roſy Bloom;

O'er thy LIPS that breathe Perfume;

O'er thine EYES ſo ſweetly-bright,

Shedding-ſoft expreſſive Light:

Then; nor CHEEKS of roſy Bloom,

Nor thy LIPS that breathe Perfume,

Nor thine EYES' expreſſive Light,

Bleſs thy Lover's envious Sight;

Nor that ſoothing SMILE, which chears

All his tender Hopes and Fears:

Oh delightful, pretty Eyes!
Where a ſecret Meaning lies.

For

Qui, velut nigra discutit
COELO *nubila* CYNTHIUS,
Pacatumque per ÆTHERA
Gemmatis in equis micat,
Flavo lucidus orbe;

Sic NUTU *eminus aureo*
Et meis lachrymas genis,
Et curas animo meo,
Et suspiria pellunt:

[*Sic Nutu eminus*, &c.] The amorous Master of *Italian* Poetry attributes the same Power to the Smile of his Mistress.

Vero è, che 'l dolce mansueto riso
Pur acqueta gli ardenti miei desiri,
E mi sottragge al foco de' martiri,
Mentr 'io son' à mirarvi intento e fiso.

PETRARCA, *Sonetto* XV.

For, as radiant PHOEBUS ſtreams
O'er the Globe with placid Beams,
Whirling thro' th' ÆTHERIAL WAY,
The fiery-axled Car of Day;
And, from the tempeſtuous Sky,
While the rapid Courſers fly,
All the ſtormy Clouds are driv'n,
Which deform'd the Face of Heav'n:
So, thy golden SMILE, MY FAIR!
Chaſes ev'ry am'rous Care;
Dries the Torrents of mine Eyes;
Calms my fond, tumultuous Sighs.

'Tis true; thy tender, thy heart-ſoothing Smile
Appeaſes all my fierce, enflam'd Deſires;
Allays the Tortures of Love's potent Fires,
As on thy Charms I fondly gaze awhile.

Heu! quæ ſunt OCULIS *meis*
Nata prælia cum LABRIS!
Ergo ego mihi vel JOVEM
Rivalem potero pati?
Rivales OCULI *mei*
Non ferunt mea LABRA.

BASIU

[*Ergo ego mihi vel Jovem, &c.*] *Propertius* ſpeaks to the ſame Pur
thus.

Rivalem poſſum non ego ferre Jovem.

PROPERT. *Eleg.* xxxii. *Lib.*

Oh! how emulous the Strife
'Twixt my LIPS and EYES, SWEET LIFE!
Of thy Charms are THESE poſſeſt,
THOSE are envious till they're bleſt:
Think not then that, in my Love,
I'll be rivall'd e'en by JOVE;
When ſuch jealous Conflicts riſe
'Twixt my very LIPS and EYES.

What tho' 'twere *Jove*, no Rival cou'd I bear.

BASIUM VIII.

QUIS te furor, NEÆRA,
INEPTA, *quis jubebat*
Sic involare, noſtram
Sic vellicare LINGUAM,
Ferociente morſu?

An, quas tot unus abs te
Pectus per omne geſto
Penetrabileis Sagittas,
Parum videntur? iſtis
Ni Dentibus protervis

Exercear

[*iſtis Ni Dentibus, &c.*] *Monſ. Dorat* has thus beautifully paraphraſed t
Paſſage.

Tes Dents, ces perles que j' adore,
D' où s' échappe à mon œil trompé
Ce ſourire développé,
Tranſfuge des lèvres de Flore;

Bevroient

KISS VIII.

AH! what ungovern'd Rage declare
NEÆRA, too capricious FAIR!
What unreveng'd, unguarded Wrong,
Could urge Thee thus to wound my TONGUE?

Perhaps you deem th' afflictive Pains
Too trifling, which my Heart ſuſtains;
Nor think enough my Boſom ſmarts
With all the ſure, deſtructive Darts
Inceſſant ſped from ev'ry Charm;
That thus your wanton Teeth muſt harm,

Devroient-elles bleſſer, dis moi,
Une Organe tendre et fidelle,
Qui t'aſſure ici de ma foi,
Et nomma *Thais* la plus belle?

DORAT. *Baiſer* 11.

Exerceas nefandum

Membrum nefas in illud?

Quo! ſæpè SOLE *primo,*

Quo! ſæpè SOLE *ſero,*

Quo! per DIESQUE *longas,*

NOCTEISQUE *amarulentas,*

Laudes tuas canebam?

Hæc eſt, INIQUA, *(neſcis?)*

Hæc, illa LINGUA *noſtra eſt,*

Quæ, tortileis capillos,

Quæ, pætulos ocellos,

Quæ, lacteas papillas,

Quæ, colla mollicella,

Venuſtulæ NEÆRÆ,

Molli per aſtra verſu,

Muſt harm that little tuneful THING,
Which wont ſo oft thy Praiſe to ſing;
What Time the MORN has ſtreak'd the Skies,
Or EV'NING's faded Radiance dies;
Thro' painful DAYS conſuming-ſlow,
Thro' ling'ring NIGHTS of am'rous Woe.

This TONGUE, thou know'ſt, has oft extoll'd
Thy Hair in ſhining Ringlets roll'd;
Thine Eyes with tender Paſſion bright;
Thy ſwelling Breaſt of pureſt White;
Thy taper Neck of poliſh'd Grace;
And all the Beauties of thy Face;
Beyond the lucid Orbs above,
Beyond the ſtarry Throne of JOVE;
Extoll'd them in ſuch lofty Lays!
That GODS with Envy heard the Praiſe.

Ultra JOVIS *calores,*

COELO *invidente, vexit.*

Quæ, te meam Salutem,

Quæ, te meamque Vitam,

Animæ meæque Florem,

Et te meos Amores,

Et te meos Lepores,

Et te meam DIONEN,

Et te meam Columbam,

Albamque Turturillam,

VENERE *invidente, dixit.*

An verò, an est id ipsum

Quod te juvat, SUPERBA,

Inferre vulnus illi,

Quam, læsione nullâ,

FORMOSA, *posse nosti*

Oft has it call'd Thee ev'ry Name,
Which boundleſs Rapture taught to frame;
My Life! my Joy! my Soul's Deſire!
All that my Wiſh cou'd e'er require!
My pretty VENUS! and my Love!
My gentle Turtle! and my Dove!
Till CYPRIA's ſelf with Envy heard
Each partial, each endearing Word.

Say, BEAUTEOUS TYRANT! do'ſt delight
To wound this Tongue in wanton Spite?
Becauſe, alas! too well aware,
That ev'ry Wrong it yet cou'd bear
Ne'er urg'd it once in angry Strain
Of thy Unkindneſs to complain;
But ſuff'ring patient all its Harms,
Still wou'd it ſing thy matchleſs Charms;

Irâ tumere tantâ;

Quin ſemper hos ocellos;

Quin ſemper hæc labella;

Et, qui ſibi, ſalaceis,

Malum dedêre, denteis,

Inter ſuos cruores

Balbutiens, recantet?

O, VIS SUPERBA FORMÆ!

BASIUM

[*Inter ſuos cruores, &c.*] And again, how impaſſioned in the Strain of t French Poet.

Crois-tu le contraindre à ſe taire?
Non, non, il brave en ce moment
Tous les maux que tu peux lui faire,
Viens, renouvelle ſon tourment:
Aſſailli des flêches brûlantes,
De ces dards perçans du *Baiſer*,
Il veut ſur tes lèvres ardentes,
Il veut encore les aiguiſer;

Sing! the ſoft Luſtre of thine Eye;
Sing! thy ſweet Lips of roſy Dye;
Nay, ſtill thoſe guilty Teeth 'twould ſing!
Whence all its cruel Miſchiefs ſpring:
E'en now it liſps in fault'ring Lays,
While yet it bleeds, NEÆRA's Praiſe:
Thus, BEAUTEOUS TYRANT! you controul,
Thus ſway my fond, enamour'd Soul!

Et, chargé d' heureuſes bleſſures,
Doux veſtiges de volupté,
Eſſayer même aû-lieu d'injures,
De nouveaux chants à ta beauté.

DORAT *Baiſer* 11.

O! vis, &c.] *Muretus* has a ſimilar Expreſſion.

O vis eximiæ ſuperbæ formæ!

MURETI *Epigram.*

Oh, tyrant Pow'r of Beauty's Form!

BASIUM IX.

NON ſemper udum da mihi BASIUM,
Nec juncta blandis ſibila riſibus,
Nec ſemper in meum recumbe
Implicitum, moribunda, collum.

Menſura rebus eſt ſua dulcibus;
Ut quodque menteis ſuaviùs afficit,
Faſtidium ſic triſte ſecum
Limite proximiore ducit.

[*Menſura rebus eſt, &c.*] *Shakeſpeare* expreſſes the ſame Thought, in the fatherly Reproof of the old Friar to Romeo.

> Theſe violent Delights have violent Ends,
> And in their Triumph die; like Fire and Powder,
> Which, as they meet, conſume. The ſweeteſt Honey
> Is loathſome in its own Deliciouſneſs,
> And in the Taſte confounds the Appetite.
>
> SHAK. *Romeo and Juliet.*

Quum

KISS IX.

CEASE thy ſweet, thy balmy Kisses;
Ceaſe thy many-wreathed Smiles;
Ceaſe thy melting, murm'ring Bliſſes;
Ceaſe thy fond, bewitching Wiles;

On my Boſom ſoft-reclin'd,
Ceaſe to pour thy tender Joys:
Pleaſure's Limits are confin'd,
Pleaſure oft repeated cloys.

Sparingly your Bounty uſe,
When I aſk for Kisses Nine;
Ev'n at leaſt you muſt refuſe,
And let only Two be mine:

Yet

Quum te rogabo Ter Tria BASIA;
Tu deme Septem, nec niſi da Duo,
Utrumque nec longum, nec udum:
Qualia, teli-gero DIANA
Dat caſta FRATRI! *Qualia, dat patri*
Experta nullos nata CUPIDINES!
Mox è meis, LASCIVA, *ocellis*
Curre procùl natitante plantâ:

[*Tu deme ſeptem, &c.*] All polite Voluptuaries have ever admired thoſe little wanton Cruelties in their Miſtreſſes; thus *Horace* ſpeaks with the greateſt Rapture of his *Licymnia:*

Dum flagrantia detorquet ad Oſcula
Cervicem, aut facili ſævitiâ negat,
Quæ poſcente magìs gaudeat eripi,
Interdum rapere occupet. HOR. *Lib.* 2. *Ode* 12.

While now her bending Neck ſhe plies
Backward to meet the burning *Kiſs*;
Then with an eaſy Cruelty denies,
And wiſhes you would ſnatch, not aſk the Bliſs.

FRANCIS.

Yet let THESE be neither long,
Nor delicious Sweets reſpire!
But like THOSE, which VIRGINS young
Artleſs give their aged Sire:

Such! as, with a Siſter's Love,
Beauteous DIAN may beſtow
On the radiant SON OF JOVE,
PHOEBUS of the ſilver Bow.

Tripping-light with wanton Grace,
Now my Lips diſorder'd fly;
And in ſome retir'd Place
Hide thee from my ſearching Eye:

...aitante plantâ:] *Milton* has a very happy Expreſſion ſimilar to this.

Smooth-ſliding without Step.

MILTON *Par. Loſt.*

Then

Et te remotis in penetralibus,
Et te latebris abdito in intimis:
Sequar latebras usque in imas,
In penetrale sequar repostum;

Prædamque, Victor fervidus, in meam
Utrinque herileis injiciens manus,
Raptabo; ut imbellem columbam
Unguibus accipiter re-curvis.

Tu de-precanteis, victa, dabis manus,
Hærensque totis pendula brachiis,
Placare me septem jocosis
BASIOLIS *cupies*, INEPTA!

[*Et te remotis*, &c.] *Cornelius Gallus* mentions the same amorous Dalliance.

Erubuit vultus ipsa Puella meos,
Et nunc subridens latebras fugitiva petebat. CORN. GALL.

At Sight of me, deep-blush'd the lovely Maid,
Then side-long laugh'd, and flying sought the Shade. DUNKIN.

Errab

hen in ſportive, am'rous Play,
ictor-like I'll ſeize my Love;
eize thee! as the Bird of Prey
ounces on a trembling Dove.

ach Receſs I'll traverſe o'er,
here I think thou lieſt conceal'd;
'ry Covert I'll explore,
ll my WANTON's all reveal'd:

w your Arms ſubmiſſive-raiſing,
und my Neck thoſe Arms you'll throw;
w SEV'N KISSES ſweetly-pleaſing
your Freedom you'll beſtow:

ſuch Dalliance was equally grateful to *Horace*.

Nunc et latentis proditor intimo
Gratus Puellæ riſus ab angulo. HOR. *Ode* 9. *Lib.* 1.

The Laugh, that from the Corner flies,
The ſportive Fair-one ſhall betray. FRANCIS.

But

Errabis;—illud crimen ut eluam,
Septena jungam BASIA *ſepties,*
Atque hoc catenatis lacertis
Impediam, FUGITIVA, *collum.*

Dum, per-ſolutis omnibus OSCULIS,
Jurabis omneis per VENERES *tuas,*
Te ſæpiùs pœnas eaſdem
Crimine velle pari ſubire.

But thoſe venal SEV'N are vain;—

SEV'N-TIMES-SEV'N's the Price, SWEET MAID!

Thou my PRIS'NER ſhalt remain,

Till the balmy Ranſom's paid:

Paying then the Forfeit due,

By thy much-lov'd BEAUTIES ſwear;

Faults like theſe you'll ſtill purſue,

Faults! which KISSES can repair.

BASIUM X.

NON ſunt certa meam moveant quæ BASIA *mentem;*
Uda labris udis conſeris, uda juvant.

Nec ſua BASIOLIS *non eſt quoque gratia ſiccis;*
Fluxit ab his tepidus ſæpè ſub oſſa vapor.

Dulce quoque eſt oculis nutantibus OSCULA *ferre,*
Autoreſque ſui demeruiſſe mali:

Sive genis totis, totíve incumbere collo,
Seu niveïs humeris, ſeu ſinui niveo:

Et totas livore genas, collumque notare,
Candiduloſque humeros, candidulumque ſinum.

[*collumque notare, &c.*] The tender *Tibullus* moſt probably gave *Secundus* the Hint of theſe voluptuous Ideas.

At Venus *inveniet Puero ſuccumbere furtim,*
Dum tumet, et teneros conſerit uſque ſinus:
Et dare anhelanti pugnantibus uvida linguis
Oſcula, et in collo figere dente notas.

TIBULL. *Lib.* I. *Eleg.* 9.

KISS X.

IN various KISSES various Charms I find,
For changeful Fancy loves each changeful Kind:
Whene'er with mine thy humid Lips unite,
Then humid KISSES with their Sweets delight;
From ardent Lips ſo ardent KISSES pleaſe,
For glowing Tranſports often ſpring from Theſe.
What Joy! to KISS thoſe Eyes that wanton rove,
Then catch the Glances of returning Love:
Or clinging to the Cheek of crimſon Glow,
The Boſom, Shoulder, or the Neck of Snow;
What Pleaſure! tender Paſſion to aſſuage;
And ſee the Traces of our am'rous Rage

But fav'ring *Venus*, watchful o'er thy Joy,
Shall lay thee ſecret near th' impaſſion'd Boy;
His panting Boſom ſhall be preſt to thine,
And his dear Lips thy breathleſs Lips ſhall join;
With active Tongue he'll dart the humid *Kiſs*,
And on thy Neck indent his eager Bliſs.

Seu labris querulis titubantem ſugere linguam,
Et miſcere duas juncta per ora animas,

Inque peregrinum diffundere corpus utranque;
Languet in extremo cùm moribundus AMOR.

Me breve, me longum capiet, laxumque, tenaxque,
Seu mihi das, ſeu do, LUX, *tibi* BASIOLUM.

QUALIA *ſed ſumes, nunquam mihi* TALIA *redde:*
Diverſis variùm ludat uterque modis.

On the ſoft Neck, or blooming Cheek expreſt,
On the white Shoulder, or ſtill whiter Breaſt.
'Twixt yielding Lips, in ev'ry thrilling KISS,
To dart the trembling Tongue—what matchleſs Bliſs!
Inhaling-ſweet each other's mingling Breath,
While LOVE lies gaſping in the Arms of Death!
While Soul with Soul in Extaſy unites,
Intranc'd, impaſſion'd with the fond Delights!
From thee receiv'd, or giv'n to thee, MY LOVE!
Alike to me thoſe KISSES grateful prove;
The KISS that's rapid, or prolong'd with Art,
The fierce, the gentle, equal Joys impart:
But mark—be all my KISSES, BEAUTEOUS MAID!
With diff'rent KISSES from thy Lips repaid;
Then varying Raptures ſhall from Either flow,
As varying KISSES Either ſhall beſtow:

At quem deficiet varianda figura priorem,
Legem ſubmiſſis audiat hanc oculis.

"*Ut, quot utrinque priùs data ſint, tot* BASIA *ſolus*
"*Dulcia victori det, totidemque modis.*"

And let the Firſt, who with an unchang'd Kiss
Shall ceaſe to thus diverſify the Bliſs,
Obſerve with Looks in meek Submiſſion dreſs'd
That Law, by which this Forfeiture's expreſs'd:
" As many KISSES as each Lover gave,
" As each might in Return again receive;
" So many KISSES, from the vanquiſh'd Side
" The Victor claims, ſo many Ways applied."

BASIUM XI.

" *BASIA lauta nimis quidam me jungere dicunt,*
" *Qualia rugoſi non didicêre Patres.*

" *Ergo, ego cùm cupidis ſtringo tua colla lacertis,*
" LUX MEA, BASIOLIS *immoriorque tuis;*

" *Anxius exquiram quid de me quiſque loquatur?*
" *Ipſe quis, aut ubi ſim, vix meminiſſe vacat.*"

Audiit

[*Baſia lauta, &c.*] Monſ. *Dorat's Kiſs* on this Subject is ſo beautiful, tha
I cannot deny it a Place here; he calls it, LA COURONNE DE FLEURS.

Renverſé doucement dans les bras de *Thaïs*,
Le front ceint d'un léger núage,
Je lui diſois: lorſque tu me ſouris,
Peut-être ſur ma tête il s'élève un orage.
Que penſe-t-on de mes ecrits?
Je dois aimer mes vers, puiſqu'ils ſont ton ouvrage.
Occuperai-je les cent voix
De la vagabonde Déeſſe?
A ſes faveurs pour obtenir des droits,
Suffit-il, ô *Thaïs*, de ſentir la tendreſſe?
Thaïs alors ſur de récens gazons
Cueille des fleurs, en treſſe une couronne.

Tien

KISS XI.

"SOME think my KISSES too luxurious told,
"KISSES! they ſay, not known to Sires of old:
"But; while entranc'd on thy ſoft Neck I lie,
"And o'er thy LIPS in tender Tranſport die;
"Shall I then aſk, DEAR LIFE! perplex'd in vain,
"Why rigid Cynicks cenſure thus my Strain?
"Ah no! thy Blandiſhments ſo rapt'rous prove,
"That ev'ry raviſh'd Senſe is loſt in Love;
"Bleſt with thoſe Blandiſhments, divine I ſeem,
"And all Elyſium paints the bliſsful Dream."

Tiens, c'eſt ainſi que je répons;
Voilà le prix de tes chanſons,
Et c'eſt ma main qui te le donne:
Renonce, me dit-elle, à l'orgueil des lauriers;
Laiſſe ces froids honneurs qu'ici tu te propoſes;
Il faut des couronnes de roſes
A qui peignit l'Amour, & chanta les *Baiſers*.

DORAT. *Baiſer* 20.

Audiit, & risit FORMOSA NEÆRA, *meumque*
Hinc collum niveâ cinxit & inde manu;

BASIOLUMQUE *dedit; quo, non lascivius, unquam*
Inservit MARTI CYPRIA *blanda suo:*

" *Et, quid, (ait,) metuis turbæ decreta severæ?*
" *Caussa meo tantùm competit ista* FORO."

NEÆRA heard—then ſmiling, inſtant threw
Around my Neck her Arm of faireſt Hue;
And KISS'D me fonder, more voluptuous far,
Than BEAUTY'S QUEEN e'er KISS'D the GOD OF WAR:
"What! (cries the NYMPH) and ſhall my am'rous Bard
"Pedantic Wiſdom's ſtern Decree regard?
"Thy Cauſe muſt be at my TRIBUNAL tried,
"None but NEÆRA can the Point decide."

BASIUM XII.

QUID vultus removetis hinc pudicos,
Matronæque, Puellulæque castæ?
Non hîc furta Deum jocosa canto,
Monstrosasve libidinum figuras:
Nulla hîc carmina mentulata; nulla
Quæ non, discipulos ad integellos,
Hirsutus legat in scholâ magister.
Inermes cano Basiationes,
Castus Aonii chori sacerdos:
Sed vultus adhibent modò huc protervos
Matronæque, Puellulæque cunctæ;

KISS XII.

MODEST MATRONS, MAIDENS ſay,
Why thus turn your Looks away?
Frolic Feats of lawleſs Love,
Of the luſtful Pow'RS above;
Forms obſcene, that ſhock the Sight,
In my Verſe I ne'er recite;
Verſe! where nought INDECENT reigns;
Guiltleſs are my tender Strains;

Such as Pedagogues auſtere
Might with ſtrict Decorum hear,
Might, with no licentious Speech,
To their Youth reproachleſs teach.
I, chaſte Vot'ry of the NINE!
KISSES ſing of chaſte Deſign.
MAIDS and MATRONS yet, with Rage,
Frown upon my blameleſs Page;

Ignarì quia fortè MENTULATUM
Verbum diximus, evolante voce.
Ite hinc, ite procul, moleſta turba,
MATRONÆQUE, PUELLULÆQUE *turpes!*
Quanto caſtior eſt NEÆRA *noſtra?*
Quæ certè, ſine MENTULA, *Libellum*
Mavult, quàm, ſine MENTULA, *Poëtam!*

BASIUM

[*Quæ certè, ſine*, &c.] Here our *Poet*, or rather his Miſtreſs *Neæra*, diſſents in Opinion from the amorous *Catullus*, who would inculcate the following oppoſite Principle.

Nam caſtum eſſe decet pium Poëtam
Ipſum, verſiculos nihil neceſſe eſt:
Qui tum denique habent ſalem, ac leporem,
Si ſunt molliculi, ac parum pudici,
Et quod pruriat incitare poſſunt;
Non dico Pueris, *ſed his* Piloſis,
Qui duros nequeunt movere lumbos.

CATULLUS, *Carm.* 16.

Frown, becauſe ſome WANTON Word
Here and there by Chance occurr'd;
Or the cheated Fancy caught
Some obſcure, tho' harmleſs Thought.
Hence, ye prudiſh MATRONS! hence,
Squeamiſh MAIDS devoid of Senſe!
And ſhall Theſe in Virtue dare
With my virtuous MAID compare?
She! who in the Bard will prize
What ſhe'll in his Lays deſpiſe;
WANTONNESS with Love agrees,
But RESERVE in Verſe muſt pleaſe.

In Manners, let the learned *Ba*.
Severeſt Chaſtity regard:
In Poetry, this Rule were vain;
For when luxurious Phraſes reign,
And Modeſty reſigns her Sway,
Then, only then, delights the Lay;
The Lay! that moves a *Youth's* Deſires,
And ſluggiſh *Age* alike inſpires.

BASIUM XIII.

LANGUIDUS è dulci certamine, VITA, *jacebam*
Exanimis, fuſâ per tua colla manu.

Omnis in arenti conſumptus ſpiritus ore,
Flamine non poterat cor recreare novo.

Jam STYX *antè oculos, &* REGNA *carentia ſole,*
Luridaque annoſi cymba CHARONTIS *erat.*

[*Languidus è dulci, &c.*] *Congreve* perhaps had in View this Line of *Scal* when he wrote

See, after the Toils of an amorous Fight,
Where weary and pleas'd ſtill panting ſhe lies;
While yet in her Mind ſhe repeats the Delight,
How ſweet is the Slumber that ſteals on her Eyes!

CONGREVE'S *Semele*, *Act* ii. *Scen*

KISS XIII.

WITH am'rous Strife exanimate I lay,
Around your Neck my languid Arm I threw,
My trembling Heart had juſt forgot to play,
Its vital Spirit from my Boſom flew:

The STYGIAN LAKE; the dreary Realms below,
To which the Sun a chearing Beam denies;
Old CHARON's Boat, ſlow-wand'ring to and fro,
Promiſcuous paſs'd before my ſwimming Eyes:

Cùm tu, SUAVIOLUM *educens pulmonis ab imo,*
Afflâsti ficcis irriguum labiis.

SUAVIOLUM! STYGIA *quod me de valle reduxit;*
Et jussit vacuâ currere nave SENEM.

Erravi:—vacuâ non remigat ILLE *carinâ,*
Flebilis ad MANEIS *jam natat umbra mea.*

Pars animæ, MEA VITA, *tuæ hoc in corpore vivit;*
Et dilapsuros sustinet articulos.

[*Et jussit vacuâ currere, &c.*] *Secundus* here seems to have had in View the following Lines of *Propertius*.

Solus Amans *novit, quando periturus, et à qua*
Morte neque hic Boreæ *flabra, neque arma timet.*
Jam licet et Stygia *sedeat sub arundine* Remex,
Cernat et infernæ tristia vela ratis:
Si modo clamantis revocaverit aura Puellæ,
Concessum nulla lege redibit iter. PROPER. *Lib.* 2. *Eleg.* 26.

Qui

When you, NEÆRA! with your humid Breath,
O'er my parch'd Lips the deep-fetch'd KISS beſtow'd;
Sudden, my fleeting Soul return'd from DEATH,
And freightleſs hence th' INFERNAL PILOT row'd:

Yet ſoft,—for oh! my erring Senſes ſtray;—
Not quite unfreighted to the STYGIAN Shore
Old CHARON ſteer'd his lurid Bark away,
My plaintive Shade he to the MANES bore:

The *Youth*, whom Love inſtructs, may read his Doom;
What Death he'll die, and when that Death ſhall come:
Nor *Boreas'* Rage, nor hoſtile Steel he fears;
In vain for him on *Acheron* appears
The ghaſtly *Mariner*;——in vain his Sail
Swells proud, diſtended by th' infernal Gale;
If the *dear Nymph*, whom moſt his Soul adores,
With grateful Breath his wiſh'd Return implores:
Her pow'rful Voice, with Rapture, he'll obey;
And, Spite of Fate, review Life's chearful Day.

Quæ tamen, impatiens, in priſtina jura reverti
Sæpè per arcanas nititur, ægra, vias.

Ac, niſi dilectâ per te foveatur ab aurâ,
Jam collabenteis deſerit articulos.

Ergo, age, labra meis innecte tenacia labris,
Aſſiduéque duos ſpiritus unus alat.

Then ſince my Soul can here no more remain,

A part of thine, SWEET LIFE! that Loſs ſupplies;

But what this feeble Fabrick muſt ſuſtain,

If of thy Soul that Part its Aid denies?

And much I fear:—for ſtruggling to be free,

Oft from its new Abode it fain wou'd roam;

Oft ſeeks, impatient to return to Thee,

Some ſecret Paſs to gain its native Home:

Unleſs thy foſt'ring Breath retards its Flight,

It now prepares to quit this falling Frame;

Haſte then; to mine thy clingy Lips unite,

And let one Spirit feed each vital Flame!

Donec, in-expleti paſt tædia ſera furoris,

Unica de gemina corpore vita fluet.

There is a little Epigram in *Marullus*, which contains the ſame Thought as this *Baſium*; it is ſo neatly and delicately turn'd, that I am certain my Readers will not be diſpleas'd to ſee it inſerted here.

Suaviolum *invitæ rapio dum caſta* Neæra,
Imprudens veſtris liqui animam in labiis.
Exanimúſque diu, cùm nec per ſe ipſa rediret,
Et mora, læthalis quantulacúmque foret,
Miſi cor quæſitum animam, ſed cor quoque blandis
Captum oculis nunquam deinde mihi vedit.
Quòd niſi Suaviolo, *flammam quoque caſta* Neæra
Hauſiſſem, quæ me ſubſtinet exanimum,
Ille dies miſero mihi crede ſupremus amanti
Luxiſſet, rapui cùm tibi Suaviolum.

MARUL. *Epigram. Lib.* 2.

Till; after frequent Extaſies of Bliſs,

Mutual, unſating to th' impaſſion'd Heart;

From Bodies thus conjoin'd, in one long Kiss,

That ſingle Life which nouriſh'd both ſhall part.

A *Kiſs* from chaſte *Neæra's* Lips I ſtole,
But on thoſe Lips, in *kiſſing*, left my Soul;
Incautious Youth!—long Time the Loſs I mourn'd,
And waited long, my Soul ſtill ne'er return'd:
At length, exanimate with ſlow Delay,
I ſent my Heart to ſeek my Soul aſtray;
But my poor Heart, by Beauty's Pow'r enchain'd,
With my loſt Soul, and with the Nymph remain'd:
Then, oh! unleſs, to foſter this ſad Frame,
I from *Neæra's* Lips draw vital Flame;
That Day I *kiſs'd* thee muſt for ever prove
Wretched to me, the greateſt Wretch in Love!

BASIUM XIV.

QUID *profers mihi flammeum labellum?*

Non te, non volo BASIARE, DURA!

Duro marmore DURIOR, NEÆRA!

Tanti iſtas ego ut OSCULATIONES

Imbelleis faciam, SUPERBA, *veſtras*;

Ut, nervo toties rigens ſupino,

Pertundam tunicas meas, tuaſque;

Et deſiderio furens inani,

Tabeſcam, MISER, *æſtuante venâ?*

KISS XIV.

THOSE tempting Lips, of ſcarlet Glow,
Why pout with fond, bewitching Art?
For to thoſe Lips, NEÆRA! know,
My Lips ſhall not one KISS impart:

Perhaps you'd have me greatly prize,
HARD-HEARTED FAIR! your precious KISS;
But learn, PROUD MORTAL! I deſpiſe
Such cold, ſuch unimpaſſion'd BLISS:

Think'ſt thou I calmly feel the Flame,
That all my rending Boſom fires?
And patient bear, thro' all my Frame,
The Pangs of unallay'd Deſires?

Ah!

Quò fugis?—remane! nec hos ocellos,

Nec nega mihi flammeum labellum:

Te jam, te volo baſiare, MOLLIS!

Molli MOLLIOR *anſeris medullâ!*

[*Molli Mollior*, &c.] This ſingular Expreſſion is imitated from the licentious *Catullus*.

Cinæde Thalle, *mollior cuniculi capillo,*
Vel anſeris medullulâ. CATULL. *Carm.* 25.

Ah! no;—but turn not thus aſide
Thoſe tempting Lips, of ſcarlet Glow!
Nor yet avert, with angry Pride,
Thoſe Eyes, from whence ſuch Raptures flow!

Forgive the paſt, SWEET-NATUR'D MAID!
My KISSES, LOVE! are all thy own;
Then let my Lips o'er thine be laid,
O'er thine! more ſoft than ſofteſt Down.

Voluptuous Thallus! ſofter far
Than ſofteſt Down, than ſofteſt Hair.

BASIUM XV.

ADDUCTO, PUER IDALIUS, *post tempora, nervo,*
Stabat in exitium, PULCHRA NEÆRA, *tuum.*

Cùm frontem, ſparſoſque videns in fronte capillos;
Luminaque argutis ir-requieta notis;

Flammeolaſque genas, & dignas MATRE *papillas;*
Jecit ab ambiguâ tela remiſſa manu:

Inqu

[*Cùm frontem, ſparſoſque, &c.*] The Turn of this Line differs but little fr the following of *Propertius*.

Seu vidi ad frontem ſparſos errare capillos.
PROPER. *Eleg.* 1. *Lib.* 2.

If o'er that Brow your playful Hair I view'd.

KISS XV.

TH' IDALIAN BOY, to pierce NEÆRA's Heart,
Had bent his Bow, had choſe the fatal Dart;
But when the CHILD, in Wonder loſt, ſurvey'd
That Brow, o'er which your ſunny Treſſes play'd!
Thoſe Cheeks, that bluſh'd the Roſe's warmeſt Dye!
That ſtreamy Languiſh of your lucid Eye!
That Boſom too with matchleſs Beauty bright!
Scarce CYPRIA's own could boaſt ſo pure a White!
Tho' Miſchief urg'd him firſt to wound MY FAIR,
Yet partial Fondneſs urg'd him now to ſpare;
But doubting ſtill, he linger'd to decide;
At length reſolv'd, he flung the Shaft aſide:

In ſhort, Traces of *Propertius* appear throughout all the Writings of *Secundus*.

Inque tuas curſu effuſus, pueriliter, ulnas,
Mille tibi fixit BASIA, *mille modis;*

Quæ ſuccos tibi MYRTEOLOS, CYPRIOSQUE *liquores,*
Pectoris afflarunt uſque ſub ima tui:

Juravitque DEOS *omneis,* VENEREMQUE *parentem,*
Nil tibi poſt unquam velle movere mali.

Et miremur adhuc, cur tam tua BASIA *fragrent?*
Duraque cur miti ſemper AMORE *vaces?*

Then ſudden ruſh'd impetuous to thy Arms,
And hung voluptuous on thy heav'nly Charms:
There as the Boy in wanton Folds was laid,
His Lips o'er thine in varied Kisses play'd;
With ev'ry Kiss he tried a thouſand Wiles,
A thouſand Geſtures, and a thouſand Smiles;
Your inmoſt Breaſt with Cyprian Odours fill'd,
And all the Myrtle's luſcious Scent inſtill'd:
Laſtly, he ſwore by ev'ry Pow'r above!
By Venus' ſelf! the potent Queen of Love;
That thou, blest Nymph! for ever ſhould'ſt remain
Exempt from am'rous Care, from am'rous Pain:
What Wonder then, ſuch balmy Sweets ſhould flow
From ev'ry grateful Kiss thy Lips beſtow!
What Wonder then, obdurate Maid! you prove
Averſe to all the Tenderneſs of Love!

BASIUM XVI.

LATONÆ niveo ſidere blandior!
Et ſtellâ VENERIS *pulchrior aureâ!*
Da mî BASIA *centum,*
Da tot BASIA, *quot dedit*
VATI *multivolo* LESBIA, *quot tulit:*
Quot blandæ VENERES, *quotque* CUPIDINES
Et labella pererrant,
Et genas roſeas tuas;

[*Vati multivolo*, &c.] *Catullus* is here meant, alluding moſt probably to the following Lines in the 5th of his *Carmina*.

Da mî Baſia *mille, deinde centum,*
Dein mille altera, dein ſecunda centum,
Dein uſque altera mille, deinde centum.
Dein quum millia multa fecerimus,
Conturbabimus illa, ne ſciamus:
Aut ne quis malus invidere poſſit,
Quum tantum ſciat eſſe Baſiorum.

CATULLUS.

KISS XVI.

BRIGHT as VENUS' golden Star!
And as ſilver CYNTHIA fair!
NYMPH, with ev'ry Charm replete!
Give an Hundred KISSES ſweet;
Then as many KISSES more
O'er my Lips profuſely pour,
As th' inſatiate BARD could want,
Or his bounteous LESBIA grant;
As the vagrant LOVES that ſtray
On thy Lip's nectareous Way;

A Thouſand *Kiſſes* give me, *Love*,
And yet an Hundred let me prove;
A ſecond Thouſand grant me ſtill,
A ſecond Hundred now fulfill;
Another Thouſand o'er again,
Another rapt'rous Hundred then:
And, when the Thouſands num'rous grow,
Let's ceaſe to count; that none may know
What boundleſs *Sums of Bliſs* I owe.

Quot VITAS *oculis, quotque* NECEIS *geris,*
Quot SPES, *quotque* METUS, *quotque perennibus*
Miſta GAUDIA CURIS,
Et SUSPIRIA *Amantium.*

Da, quàm multa meo ſpicula pectori
Inſevit, VOLUCRIS *dira manus* DEI:
Et quàm multa pharetrâ
Conſervavit in aureâ.

Adde & blanditias, verbaque publica,
Et cum ſuavi-crepis murmura ſibilis,
Riſu non ſine grato,
Gratis non ſine morſibus:

As the dimpling GRACES ſpread
On thy Cheeks' carnation'd Bed;
As the DEATHS thy Lovers die;
As the CONQUESTS of thine Eye,
Or the CARES, and fond DELIGHTS,
Which its changeful Beam incites;
As the HOPES and FEARS we prove,
Or th' impaſſion'd SIGHS, in Love;
As the Shafts by CUPID ſped,
Shafts! by which my Heart has bled;
As the countleſs Stores that ſtill
All his golden Quiver fill.

Whiſper'd Plaints; and wanton Wiles;
Speeches ſoft; and ſoothing Smiles;
Teeth-imprinted, tell-tale Bliſſes;
Intermix with all thy KISSES:

Qualeis CHAONIÆ *garrula motibus*
Alternant tremulis roſtra columbulæ,
Cùm ſe dura remittit
Primis BRUMA FAVONIIS.

Incumbénſque meis mentis inops genis,
Huc, illuc, oculos volve natatileis,
Ex-anguemque, lacertis,
Dic, te ſuſtineam meis.

String

[*Qualeis Chaoniæ, &c.*] *Chaonia* was a Part of *Epirus*, conſiſting of wo Mountains, abounding in Doves; hence Doves are often called, by the Poets, *Chaoniæ Columbæ.*

Non me Chaoniæ *vincunt in amore* Columbæ.
PROPER. *Eleg.* 9. *Lib.* 1.

Chaonian Doves are not more fond than me.

Taſſo thus prettily mentions the Careſſes of two Turtles.

Mira là quel Colombo,
Con che dolce ſuſurro luſingando,
Bacia *la ſua Compagna.*
TASSO, *in Aminta.*

See how yon flatt'ring Turtle coos
His murmur'd Loves, how fondly woos;
And frequent to his tender Mate
Gives many a billing *Kiſs* ſo ſweet!

So, when ZEPHYR's breezy Wing
Wafts the balmy Breath of SPRING;
Turtles thus their Loves repeat,
Fondly-billing, murm'ring-ſweet;
While their trembling Pinions tell
What Delights their Boſoms ſwell.

Now, when Joys o'erwhelm thy Mind;
n my glowing Cheek reclin'd;
ll around, in am'rous Trance,
t thine Eyes voluptuous glance;
nd, ſuffus'd with Paſſion's Flames,
rt their ſweetly-trembling Gleams:
hen, ſoft-languiſhing, and ſighing;
ith delicious Tranſport dying;
to thy officious Swain;
Now, thy FAINTING FAIR ſuſtain."

Stringam nexilibus te, te ego brachiis,
Frigentem calido pectore comprimam,
Et vitam tibi longi
Reddam afflamine BASII.

Donec ſuc-ciduum me quoque ſpiritus
Iſtis roſcidulis linquet in OSCULIS,
Labentémque, lacertis,
Dicam; collige me tuis.

Stringes nexilibus me, MEA, *brachiis,*
Mulcebis tepido pectore frigidum:
Et vitam mihi longi af-
flabis rore SUAVII.

In my fond, encircling Arms
I'll receive thy melting Charms;
While the long, life-teeming KISS
Shall recall thy Soul to Bliſs:
And; as thus the vital Store
From my humid Lips I pour,
Till, exhauſted with the PLAY,
All my Spirit waſtes away;
Sudden, in my Turn, I'll cry,
"Oh! ſupport me, for I die."
To your foſt'ring Breaſt you'll hold me,
In your warm Embrace enfold me;
While thy Breath, in nectar'd Gales,
Per my ſinking Soul prevails;
While thy KISSES ſweet impart
Life, and Rapture to the Heart.

Sic ævi, MEA LUX, *tempora floridi*

Carpamus simul. En, jam miserabileis

CURAS *ægra* SENECTUS

Et MORBOS *trahet*, & NECEM.

BASIUM

[*Sic ævi*, &c] *Horace* gives much such Advice to his fair Friend, *Leuco*

Dum loquimur, fugerit invida
Ætas. Carpe diem, quàm minimùm credula postero.

HOR. *Od.* 11. *Lib.* 1.

Thus, when YOUTH is in its Prime,
Let's enjoy the golden Time;
For, when ſmiling YOUTH is paſt,
AGE theſe tender Joys ſhall blaſt;
SICKNESS, which our Bloom impairs;
Slow-conſuming, painful CARES;
DEATH, with dire remorſeleſs Rage;
All attend the Steps of AGE.

Even while we talk in careleſs Eaſe,
Our envious Minutes wing their Flight;
Inſtant the fleeting Pleaſure ſeize,
Nor truſt To-morrow's doubtful Light.

FRANCIS

BASIUM XVII.

QUALEM *purpureo diffundit* MANE *colorem*
Quæ roſa NOCTURNIS *roribus im-maduit:*

MATUTINA *rubent* DOMINÆ *ſic* OSCULA *noſtræ*
BASIOLIS, *longâ* NOCTE, *rigata meis.*

Quæ circùm facies niveo candore coronat;
Virginis ut violam cùm tenet alba manus,

Tale novum ſeris ceraſum ſub floribus ardet;
Æſtatemque, & ver cùm ſimul arbor habet.

Me miſerum! quare, cùm flagrantiſſima jungis
OSCULA, *de thalamo cogor abire tuo?*

KISS XVII.

ROSES, refreſh'd with NIGHTLY Dew, diſplay
New Beauties bluſhing to the DAWN OF DAY;
So, by the KISSES of a RAPT'ROUS NIGHT,
Thy vermil LIPS at MORN bluſh doubly bright;
And from thy Face, that 's exquiſitely fair,
That vermil Brightneſs ſeems more bright t' appear:
Deep-purpled Vi'lets thus a deeper Glow,
Held in ſome Virgin's ſnowy Hand, will ſhow;
And early-rip'ning Cherries thus aſſume,
'Mid the late Bloſſoms, a ſuperior Bloom;
When Spring and Summer boaſt united Pow'r,
At once producing both the Fruit and Flow'r.
But why, when moſt thy KISSES fire my Heart,
Why, from th' endearing Tranſport muſt I part?

O ſaltem, labris ſerva hunc, FORMOSA, *ruborem;*

Dum tibi me referet NOCTIS *opaca quies!*

Si tamen interea cujuſquam BASIA *carpent,*

Illa meis fiant pallidiora genis.

[*Illa meis fiant pallidiora genis.*] i. e. *paler than my Cheeks ſhall become at ſeeing this evident Teſtimony of Infidelity*, viz. *your Lips loſing their roſy Colour.* The Idea of Infidelity's being puniſhed by ſome Failure of Beauty is alſo *Horace's.*

Ulla ſi juris tibi perjurati
Pœna, Barine, *nocuiſſet unquam:*
Dente ſi nigro fieres, vel uma
Turpior ungui;
Crederem: &c.

HOR. *Lib.* II. *Od.* 8.

If ever injur'd Pow'r had ſhed
The ſlighteſt Vengeance on thy Head;
If but a Nail or Tooth of *Thee*
Were blacken'd by thy Perjury,
Again thy Falſhood might deceive,
And I the faithleſs Vow believe.

FRANCIS.

Oh! let that Crimſon on thoſe Lips remain,
Till Ev'NING brings me to thy Arms again:
Yet ſhould thoſe Lips ere then ſome RIVAL bleſs,
Some YOUTH whom thou in Secret ſhalt careſs;
Then may they ceaſe for ever to diſcloſe
That beauteous Bluſh, which emulates the Roſe!]
Then paler turn, than my pale Cheek ſhall prove,
Whene'er I view this Mark of faithleſs Love!

And thus *Ovid* to the ſame Purpoſe.

Eſſe Deos *credamne?—fidem jurata fefellit,*
Et facies illi, quæ fuit ante, manet.
Quam longos habuit, nondum perjura, capillos,
Tam longos, poſtquam numina læſit, habet.

OVID. *Amor. Lib.* III. *Eleg.* 3.

Can there be *Gods?*—the perjur'd Fair-one ſwore,
Yet looks as lovely, as ſhe look'd before.
Long flow'd the careleſs Treſſes of her Hair,
While yet ſhe ſhone as innocent as fair;
Long flow the Treſſes of the Wanton now,
And ſport as Trophies of her broken Vow.

DUNKIN.

BASIUM XVIII.

CUM labra noſtræ cerneret PUELLÆ,
Incluſa circo candidæ figuræ;
(Ut ſi quis ornet, arte curioſâ,
Corallinis eburna ſigna baccis)
Fleviſſe fertur CYPRIS, *& gemendo*
Laſcivienteis convocaſſe AMORES;

[*Ut ſi quis ornet, &c.*] *Secundus* here ſeems to have had an Eye to the following Lines of *Virgil.*

Indum ſanguineo veluti violaverit oſtro
Si quis ebur, aut mixta rubent ubi lilia multâ
Alba roſâ.

VIRG. *Æneid.* xii.

Thus Indian Iv'ry ſhows,
Which with the bord'ring Paint of Purple glows;
Or Lilies damaſk'd by the neighb'ring Roſe.

DRYDEN.

KISS XVIII.

WHEN CYTHEREA firſt beheld
Thoſe Lips with ruby Luſtre bright,
Thoſe Lips! which, as they bluſhing ſwell'd,
Bluſh'd deeper from th' incircling White;

(So, when ſome Artiſt's Skill inlays
Coral 'mid Iv'ry's paler Hue,
That height'ning Coral ſoon diſplays
A warmer Crimſon to the View.)

Then urg'd by Envy and by Hate,
Which riſing Sighs and Tears betray'd;
SHE call'd her wanton LOVES,—and ſtrait
The wanton LOVES her Call obey'd:

Et, " *quid juvat* (*dixiſſe*) *purpuratis*

" *Viciſſe in* IDA PALLADEM *labellis,*

" *Et* PRONUBAM *magni* JOVIS SOROREM

" *Sub arbitro Paſtore? Cùm* NEÆRA

" *Hæc ante-cellat, arbitro Poëtâ?*

" *At vos, furentes, ite in hunc Poëtam,*

" *Et, dira plenis tela de pharetris,*

" *In* ILLIUS *medullulas tenellas,*

[*Sub arbitro Paſtore, &c.*] The Story of the Judgement of *Paris* is ſo well known to be related here. *Vide* The Epithalamium, Stanz. 13.

" *Pectuſq*

To whom the QUEEN in plaintive Strain;—

" Ah! what, my BOYS, avails it now;

" That to theſe Lips the PHRYGIAN SWAIN

" Decreed the Prize on IDA's Brow?

" That Prize! for which, elate with Pride,

" The MARTIAL MAID contentious ſtrove;

" That Prize! to JUNO's ſelf denied,

" Tho' SISTER, tho' the WIFE of JOVE:

" If, to pervert this SWAIN's Decree,

" A POET's partial Judgment dare

" His mortal NYMPH prefer to me,

" Her Lips with Lips divine compare!

" Swift then, ye vengeful CUPIDS, fly

" With loaded Quivers to the BARD;

" Let all the Pangs ye can ſupply

" His matchleſs Inſolence reward:

" *Pectusque per, jecurque per jocosum,*

" *Distringite acres perstrepente cornu.*

" *At* ILLA *nullo pertepescat igne,*

" *Sed tacta pectus plumbeâ sagittâ*

" *Torpescat imas congelata venas.*"

Evênit: imis uror in medullis;

Et torrido jecur liquescit igne.

[*plumbeâ sagittâ, &c.*] The *God of Love* was said to have two Kinds Darts; one of *Gold* causing *Love*, the other of *Lead* causing *Hate*. *Ovid*, the Story of *Apollo and Daphne*, thus mentions them.

Eque sagittiferâ promsit duo tela pharetrâ
Diversorum operum. Fugat hoc, facit illud amorem.
Quod facit, auratum est, et cuspide fulget acutâ:
Quod fugat, obtusum est, et habet sub arundine plumbum.

OVID. *Metamor. Lib.* I.

"Go, practiſe ev'ry cruel Art
"Revenge can frame, without Delay;
"His Boſom pierce with ev'ry Dart,
"Which Love's ſoft Poiſon may convey:

"But wound not with ſuch Darts the FAIR,
"Her Breaſt muſt ever cold remain;
"Your Shafts of Lead lodge deeply there,
"To freeze the Current of each Vein."

SHE ſpoke:—now more than uſual Fire
Conſumes apace my melting Soul;
And now, fierce Torrents of Deſire
Tumultuous thro' my Boſom roll:

Two different Shafts he from his Quiver draws,
One Love repell'd, and t' other Love wou'd cauſe:
What caus'd was ſharp, and bore a golden Head;
But what repell'd was blunt, and tipp'd with Lead.

Tu fulta pectus asperis pruinis

Et caute, qualeis aut maris SICANI,

Aut ADRIÆ *unda tundit æstuosa,*

Secura ludis impotentem amantem;

INGRATA! *propter ista labra rubra*

Laudata plector. Heu! MISELLA, *nescis,*

Cur oderis: nec ira quid DEORUM

Effrena possit, & furor DIONËS!

Dur

[*Qualeis aut maris Sicani, &c.*] The *Sicilian* Sea, forming a Part of *Ionian*, is remarkable for those Terrors to Navigators, *Scylla* & *Chary* See a beautiful Description of them in *Virgil*, *Æneid* 3.——And the *Adr* Sea, or Gulph of *Venice*, is celebrated for being tempestuous by many Cl Thus *Horace*, by Way of Comparison.

Et improbo
Iracundior Adriâ.

HOR. *Od.* 9. *Lib.* 3.

More angry than the *Adrian* Sea.

While thou; whoſe icy Heart betrays
No more Concern than Rocks that brave
The Fury of SICILIAN Seas,
Or ADRIA's rudely-daſhing Wave;

Canſt, in unfeeling Scorn ſecure,
Mock all thy tortur'd Lover's Pain;
Who for fond Praiſe is doom'd t'endure,
UNGRATEFUL MAID! thy cold Diſdain:

Yet why, PROUD WRETCH! you thus deſpiſe
You know not;——nor how fierce may prove
Th' ungovern'd Anger of the SKIES,
The Vengeance of the QUEEN OF LOVE!

Again,

Fretis acrior Adriæ
Curvantis Calabros *ſinus.*

Od. 33. *Lib.* 3.

Fiercer than *Adrian* Waves that roar,
Winding the rough *Calabrian* Shore.

Duros remitte, MOLLICELLA, *faſtus;*

Iſtoque dignos ore ſume mores:

Et, quæ meorum cauſſa ſunt dolorum,

Mellita labris nectle labra noſtris:

Haurire poſſis ut mei puſillum

Præcordiis ex intimis veneni,

Et mutuis languere victa flammis.

At nec DEOS, *nec tu time* DIONEN:

Formoſa DIVIS *imperat Puella!*

[*Iſtoque dignos ore, &c.*] When *Secundus* thus tenderly complains of the cruel Behaviour of his *Neæra*, ill-ſuited to ſuch divine Beauty as hers; I cannot help calling to Mind a ſimilar Complaint, in *Cowley*, which is exquiſitely delicate.

Love in her ſunny Eyes does baſking play;
Love walks the pleaſant Mazes of her Hair;
Love does on both her Lips for ever ſtray;
And *ſows* and *reaps* a thouſand *Kiſſes* there.
In all her outward Parts *Love*'s always ſeen;
But, oh, He never went within!

COWLEY's *Miſtreſs, The Change.*

BASIUM

But oh! no more purſue that Scorn,
Which ill-becomes each outward Grace;
Sure, ſweeteſt Manners ſhould adorn
The NYMPH who boaſts ſo ſweet a Face:

Then let thy Lips to mine be preſt,
Thoſe honied Lips! which cauſe my Care;
Inbibing from my inmoſt Breaſt
The latent Poiſon rankling there:

And, as you thus partake the Smart
Of all my Torture,—in your Turn
You'll catch the Flame that warms my Heart,
And ſoon with mutual Paſſion burn:

But fear not thou the POW'RS DIVINE,
Fear not the potent QUEEN OF LOVE!
Beauty, WELL-GUARDED MAID! like thine
Can ſway th' IMPERIAL SOULS above.

BASIUM XIX.

MELLI-LEGÆ Volucres! *quid adhuc*

Thyma *cana*, Rosasque,

Et rorem vernæ *nectareum* Violæ,

Lingitis? aut florem latè-spirantis Anethi?

Omnes, ad Dominæ *labra, venite, meæ.*

Illa Rosas *spirant omneis*, Thymaque *omnia sola,*

Et succum vernæ *nectareum* Violæ:

Inde procul dulces auræ funduntur Anethi:

Narcissi *veris illa madent lachrymis;*

KISS XIX.

WHY wing your Flight, YE BEES! from Flow'r to Flow'r?
Why, toiling thus, collect the LUSCIOUS STORE
From bloſſom'd THYME empurpling all the Ground?
From the rich ANISE breathing Odours round?
Why ſip the VERNAL VI'LET's nectar'd Dew?
Or ſpoil the fragrant ROSE of bluſhing Hue?
Fly to the Lips, YE WANTONS! of MY FAIR;
And gather all your BALMY TREASURES there;
Thence catch the Fragrance of the bluſhing ROSE;
Thence ſip that Dew which from the VI'LET flows;
Thence the rich Odours of the ANISE ſteal;
And thence the bloſſom'd THYME's Perfume inhale:

OEBALIIQUE *madent* JUVENIS *fragrante cruore;*

Qualis uterque liquor, cùm cecidiſſet, erat;

NECTAREQUE *ætherio medicatus, & aëre puro,*

Impleret FOETU VERSI-COLORE *ſolum.*

Sed me, jure meo libantem mellea labra,

INGRATÆ, *ſocium ne prohibete favis.*

[*Fœtu verſi-colore, &c.*] By this, I ſuppoſe, *Secundus* does not mean any variegated Flower in particular; but variegated Flowers in general of a red and white Colour: for we no where read of any peculiar variegated Flower to have ſprung from the *Tears* of *Narciſſus*, mixt with the *Blood* of *Hyacinthus*. *Narciſſus* according to *Ovid* was turned into a *Daffodil*, and the *Blood* of *Hyacinthus* produced the *Hyacinth.*—*vid. Ovid. Metamorp. Lib.* 3. *Fab.* 6. & *Lib.* 10. *Fab.* 5.

Non

KISSES.

Lips! where thoſe Tears in genuine Moiſture dwell,
That from NARCISSUS ſelf-enamour'd fell;
Lips! deeply-ting'd with HYACINTHUS' Blood,
Which, with the Tears in one commingled Flood,
Impregnating the fertile Womb of Earth,
Firſt gave the VARIEGATED FLOW'R its Birth;
Soon, by the NECTAR'D SHOW'RS that Heav'n beſtow'd,
With fanning Gales, the motley OFFSPRING blow'd:
For Drops of Blood, lo! crimſon Streaks appear;
And Streaks uncolour'd, for each lucid Tear.

But ſtill, YE BEES well-favour'd! GRATEFUL prove;
Let no unkind Refuſals pay my Love,
If e'er I claim (what ſure's my rightful Due);
To ſhare thoſe Lips, thoſe honied Lips! with You:

Nor

Non etiam totas, AVIDÆ, *diſtendite cellas*,

Areſcant DOMINÆ *ne ſemel ora meæ*;

BASIAQUE *im-preſſans ſiccis ſitientia labris*,

Garrulus, indicii triſte feram pretium.

Heu! non & ſtimulis com-pungite molle labellum:

Ex oculis ſtimulos vibrat & ILLA *pareis.*

Credite, non ullum patietur vulnus in-ultum:

Leniter, in-nocuæ, mella legatis APES.

Nor ſuck INSATIATE all their Balm away,
And to your burſting Cells the Sweets convey;
Leſt, when to cool my fever'd Lips I try,
NEÆRA's Lips no cooling Dews ſupply;
Then ſhall I juſtly reap the ſad Reward
Of what miſguided Confidence declar'd.

And, oh! to wound her tender Lips forbear,
Or dread the fatal Vengeance of the FAIR;
Tho' ſharp your Stings, her Eyes can ſcatter round
Darts, that with more tormenting Stings may wound:
Nor, as YE ſip, inflict the ſlighteſt Pain,
For unreveng'd the Wrong will ne'er remain;
But gently gather, from thoſe precious Rills,
Th' ambroſial Drops each humid Lip diſtills.

EPITHALAMIUM.

EPITHALAMIUM.

HORA ſuavicula, & voluptuoſa;
Hora blanditiis, lepore, riſu;
Hora deliciis, jocis, ſuſurris;
Hora SUAVIOLIS, *parique magnis*
Cum DIIS *&* JOVE *tranſigenda ſorte:*
Hora quâ poterat beatiorem

[*Hora quâ poterat, &c.*] *Bonefonius* thus imitates this Paſſage.

Nox *felicibus invidenda* Divis,
Quâ nec Juno *mihi beatiorem,*
Nec poſſit Venus *ipſa polliceri.*

BONEFON. *Panchari*

Thus rendered by an anonymous Imitator.

That *Night,*
Which *Gods* wou'd envy if they knew;
A Night ſo pleaſant *Juno* can't beſtow,
Nor could the *Queen of Love* with *Mars* a better know.

ANON.

The EPITHALAMIUM.

HAIL, genial Hour!
In myrtle Bow'r
Of young-eyed Pleaſure born;
Whom wanton Wiles,
And Jeſts, and Smiles,
And roſeate Sports adorn.

Sweet Hour, all hail!
With Envy pale
Which Jove himſelf might ſee;
And own at leaſt
His nectar'd Feaſt
Equall'd, ſweet Hour! by thee.

Nec GNYDI DEA *ſancta polliceri;*

Nec qui cum pharetrâ pererrat orbem,

Curis gaudia delicata miſcens,

Pennâ ſplendidus aureâ CUPIDO;

Magni PRONUBA *nec* SOROR TONANTIS;

Nec

No happier Hour
The GNYDIAN Pow'R
Could on bleſt Man beſtow:
Nor He, who reigns
O'er fartheſt Plains,
GOD of the fatal Bow,

Young CUPID! wild
As any Child,
Who ſhakes his purple Wings;
And ſome rich Joy,
Delicious Boy!
On ev'ry Sorrow flings:

Nor Thou, great Queen!
Unrivall'd ſeen
With wond'rous Grace to move;
At Love's high Feaſt
A bidden Gueſt,
SISTER, and WIFE of JOVE

Nec qui floridulas HYMEN *puellas,*

Raptas è gremio tenace matrum,

Involvit cupidis viri lacertis,

RUPIS *incola floriger* CANORÆ;

Advecta eſt, ſerie rotante cœli.

O! FELIX JUVENIS! PUELLA FELIX!

[*Nec qui floridulas, &c.*] *Muretus* ſpeaks in the very ſame Words.

Sanctus Hymen, *qui ſeductas a matre puellas,*
Abripit, inque viri collocat ipſe ſinu.

MURET. *Eleg.* 1.

Bleſt *Hymen!* you to fonder Youths convey
Maids, whom from Mothers fond you bear away.

But *Catullus* certainly furniſhed the Thought to both our modern Poets.

Uraniæ *genus,*
Qui rapis teneram ad virum
Virginem.

CATUL. *Epithal. Manlii & Juniæ.*

Urania's Offspring! fond to bear
To the lov'd Youth his tender Fair.

FELI

Nor HYMEN, Thou,
Upon the Brow
Of TUNEFUL MOUNTAIN born;
Who dwell'ſt in Bow'rs
Of am'rous Flow'rs;
And, from her Mother torn,

Lead'ſt much afraid,
Much pleas'd, the Maid,
(Midſt Doubts, and Hopes, and Sighs,)
To the dear Youth,
Who full of Truth
In wild Expectance lies.

O HOUR of Bliſs!
To equal this
OLYMPUS ſtrives in vain:
O HAPPY PAIR!
O HAPPY FAIR!
O HAPPY, HAPPY SWAIN!

FELIX SPONSE! *cuï cupita flamma*

Jam nunc in geminis quieſcet ulnis,

Puella ÆTHERIA *beata* FORMA!

Qualem magna VENUS, *velitque* JUNO,

Et

Hail, WEDDED BOY!
Whoſe only Joy
Soon in thy Arms ſhall reſt;
And Face to Face,
In fond Embrace,
Sink gently on thy Breaſt:

She! who all Day
An Infant lay
Prattling at BEAUTY's Feet;
Who KISS'D the Child,
And, as it ſmil'd,
Breath'd o'er it ev'ry Sweet,

Breath'd Charms ſo bright;
That at the Sight
VENUS ſhrunk back with Awe;
And from her Skies,
With envious Eyes,
Indignant JUNO ſaw

Et quæ caſſide MARTIA *refulget*

Sancto vertice procreata, PALLAS;

Si junctæ ſtatuant adire valleis

Umbroſas iterum virentis IDÆ;

[*Sancto vertice, &c.*] The extraordinary Birth of *Pallas* is well known thus *Ovid*,

—— *De capitis, fertur, ſine matre paterni,*
Vertice cum clypeo proſiluiſſe ſuo.

OVID. *Faſt. Lib.* 3.

A nobler Mein:
E'en WISDOM's QUEEN
With female Anger glow'd;
And aſk'd what Chance,
At each proud Glance,
Such matchleſs Gifts beſtow'd?

Should They all Three
Once more agree
To viſit IDA's Shade;
And ſhould again
The SHEPHERD SWAIN
Be of the Conteſt made

From her great Father's pregnant Brain, 'tis ſaid,
Arm'd like ſome Warrior, ſprang the martial Maid.

Quâ ſpectanda, vel Hæc, *vel* Hæc, *vel* Illa,

(Quovis judicio) ſuperba, malum,

Victrix, aureolum reportet aſtris.

O! felix Juvenis! Puella felix!

[*Quâ ſpectanda, &c.*] *Propertius* too was of Opinion, that only a Fe ſuch as his Miſtreſs poſſeſſed deſerved the Prize of Beauty.

Cedite jam Divæ, *quas* Paſtor *viderat olim*
Idæis *tunicam ponere verticibus.*

Proper. *Lib.* ii. *Eleg.* 2.

Yield *beauteous Pow'rs!* whom, once the *Swain* beheld
On *Ida's* Brow, with ev'ry Charm reveal'd.

Sole Judge: no more
To PAPHOS' Bow'r
Would laughing VENUS bear
The Prize away;
No longer ſay,
"I'm FAIREST of the FAIR!"

But with one Choice,
With one loud Voice,
Hers would the Apple be,
In Features, Senſe,
And Elegance,
Who moſt reſembled Thee.

O HOUR of Bliſs!
To equal this
OLYMPUS ſtrives in vain:
O HAPPY PAIR!
O HAPPY FAIR!
HAPPY, HAPPY SWAIN!

Hail,

FELIX SPONSA! *cuï cupitus ardor*

Affuſus modò lectulo in beato,

Stringet colla tenacibus lacertis,

Inſigni Juvenis venuſtus ore!

Iſtis qui roſeïs tuis labellis,

Iſtis qui niveïs tuis papillis,

Iſto qui rutilante crine tactus,

Iſto lumine qui loquace victus,

Jampridem tacito voratur igni:

Lentum

Hail, HAPPY BRIDE!
Thy Huſband's Pride,
Who ſoon in eager Fold;
The conſcious Bed
With Bluſhes red;
Thy virgin Neck ſhall hold.

Long hath the Fire
Of ſlow Deſire
His early Prime conſum'd;
Marking, as blows
The opening Roſe,
How thy young Beauties bloom'd;

Thy Breaſts of Snow;
Thy Lips that glow
With Health divinely warm;
And thy bright Hair,
With artleſs Care
Whoſe wanton Ringlets charm.

Lentumque increpat, uſque & uſque, SOLEM;

Tardamque invocat, uſque & uſque, LUNAM.

O! FELIX JUVENIS! PUELLA FELIX!

" Ne'er will the SUN
" His Circuit run?"
patient of Delay,
He ſighing cries:
" O MOON ariſe!
O come, O come away!

" Come, mildly bright,
" Pure Orb of Light!
To thee ſuch Scenes belong:
" Come ev'ry STAR!
" And from afar
Begin the BRIDAL SONG."

O HOUR of Bliſs!
To equal this
YMPUS ſtrives in vain:
O HAPPY PAIR!
O HAPPY FAIR!
HAPPY, HAPPY SWAIN!

Votis, FERVIDE SPONSE, *parce votis*;

Et ſuſpiria mitte, mitte queſtus:

Tempus, accelerat ſuâve: Mitis

Exaudit gemitus VENUS *ſuorum:*

Condit CYNTHIUS *ora, condit ora*;

Seque gurgite perluens IBERO

[*Seque gurgite, &c.*] *Virgil* thus deſcribes Night, by the Sun immergin itſelf into the *Iberian* Sea.

Continuo pugnas ineant, & prælia tentent;
Ni roſeus feſſos jam gurgite Phœbus Ibero
Tingat equos, noctemque die labente reducat:
Conſidunt caſtris ante urbem, & mœnia vallant.

VIRG. *Æn. Lib.* XI.

Soon had their Hoſts in bloody Battle join'd;
But weſtward to the Sea the Sun declin'd:
Entrench'd before the Town both Armies lie,
While Night with ſable Wings involves the Sky

DRYDEN.

Ceaſe, ceaſe thy Fears,
Thy Vows, thy Tears,
O, FERVENT BRIDEGROOM! ceaſe;
Soon ſhall thy Heart,
No more to part,
Reſume its long-loſt Peace.

Soon from her Throne
Of Cygnet's Down,
With many a Chaplet gay,
LOVE's conſtant Friend!
Shall VENUS bend,
And chide the ling'ring Day.

She chides;——and ſee,
The burning SEA
Its radiant GOD receives:
Faintly he gleams,
And his ſhorn Beams
In bluſhing Billows laves.

Cedit NOCTI-VAGÆ *locum* SORORI:

Et, quo gratior haud relucet IGNIS

Conjunctis animis AMORE *dulci,*

Producit caput, emicatque cælo

Ductor HESPERUS *aureæ catervæ.*

O! FELIX JUVENIS! PUELLA FELIX!

See, in her Hand
An ebon Wand,
How his lov'd SISTER guides
Her silver Car,
Sweet WANDERER!
Climbing Heav'n's crystal Sides.

Mark too that STAR,
To VIRGINS dear,
HESPER! with glitt'ring Head;
Who loves his Train
O'er the blue Plain
In golden Ranks to lead.

O HOUR of Bliss!
To equal this
OLYMPUS strives in vain:
O HAPPY PAIR!
O HAPPY FAIR!
O HAPPY, HAPPY Swain!

Jam VIRGO *thalamum ſubibit; unde*

Ne VIRGO *redeat,* MARITE, *cura.*

Jam VIRGO *niveïs locata fulcris*

Adventum cupiet tuum, tremetque;

Perfuſa ingenuo rubore mâlas:

Forſan & lachrymis genæ madebunt,

Et ſuſpiria fundet, & querelas:

[*Perfuſa ingenuo, &c.*] Thus *Bonefonius* expreſſes the Bluſh of Modeſty.

Et mox virgineo pudore leves
Interfuſa genas, et ora caſto
Spargens molliter imbre lachrymarum,
Tota, inquit, &c.

BONEFON.

Her Looks grow quiet and ſerene,
Her virgin Modeſty appears
In her fair Face; hail! brighteſt Scene,
Hence fly my vain deluding Fears!
Now pearly Drops flow gently down her Cheeks,
From Chaſtity they flow, and thus her Silence breaks.

ANON.

Now ſhall the MAID
At length be laid
O rich, unſpotted Prize;
Now YOUTH beware,
Be yours the Care,
That ſhe no MAID ariſe.

Now, plac'd in Bed,
With unfeign'd Red
Her beauteous Face ſhall glow;
Now ſhall ſhe fear
Thy Tread to hear,
And hope, and wiſh it now.

Perhaps a Tear,
As Cryſtal clear,
In trickling Haſte may flow;
Perhaps with Sighs
Your Heart ſhe tries,
Or murm'ring vents her Woe.

At tu nil remoratus, & querelas,

Et ſuſpiria, lachrymaſque tolles;

Abſtergens oculos tuo ore; dulce

Murmur pro querimoniis reponens.

O! FELIX JUVENIS! PUELLA FELIX!

Ergo, membra ubi VIRGINIS *decora*

FELIX *candida* LECTULUS *fovebit,*

(*Membra!*

But mind not Thou
The Tears that flow,
Mind not the piteous Sigh;
Soft-ſoothing ſpeak,
And her wet Cheek
Wipe with thy KISSES dry.

O HOUR of Bliſs!
To equal this
OLYMPUS ſtrives in vain:
O HAPPY PAIR!
O HAPPY FAIR!
O HAPPY, HAPPY SWAIN!

Thus when ſupine
With Limbs divine
he prints the NUPTIAL BED;
And, like a Flow'r
With haſty Show'r
'ercome, her VIRGIN Head

(Membra! languidulo parata ſomno;)

Et molli quoque te toro locatum,

Sūpra purpureos, beata, reges,

Supra conſtituet JOVEM, DIONE:

Mox te blandidicis parare rixis,

Mox te molliculæ parare pugnæ,

Motus occipies calore juſto:

Belli proſpera ſigna non cruenti

[*Supra conſtituet, &c.*] *Bonefonius* here again imitates *Secundus.*

Superi, *tenete cœlum,*
Veſtram numina poſſidete ſortem;
Dum te teneam, alma Pancharilla,
Dum te poſſideam; nec ipſe cœlum,
Nec veſtram, Superi, *invidebo ſortem.* BONEFON.

Now, ye *ſuperior Pow'rs* bleſt
From Envy free enjoy your State,
Jove! of thy Thunder live poſſeſt;
Since I'm as happy, and as great:
Let me this little *Empire* long retain;
Ye *Gods!* your Heav'ns keep, Monarchs unenvied reign. ANON.

Hangs down in Shame;
When o'er her Frame
Soft Languors gently creep,
And the clos'd Eye,
Unknowing why,
Attempts in vain to ſleep;

When at the Side
Of thy dear Bride
Thou lieſt, DIONE's Care!
Happier in Love
Than am'rous JOVE,
Than Monarchs happier far!

Then, in full Tides
Whilſt Vigour glides
Trembling thro' ev'ry Vein,
Begin the Fight
Of fierce Delight,
Of Pleaſure mixt with Pain.

Figens mille protervus hic et illic,

Collo BASIA *multa, multa mális;*

Labris BASIA *plura, plura ocellis:*

Repugnabit; & "IMPROBUM" *vocabit;*

Et dicet, "SATIS EST," *tremente voce;*

Arcebitque manu proterva labra;

Propelletque manu manum protervam.

O! NOCTEM TER, ET AMPLIUS, BEATAM!

[*Repugnabit, & "Improbum" vocabit; &c.*] It is evident, from this Paſſage, that *Secundus* had *Ovid* for his amorous Inſtructor.

Pugnabit primo fortaſſis, et "Improbe" dicet;
Pugnando vinci ſed tamen illa volet.

OVID. *Art. Amat. Lib.* 1.

Struggling, perhaps ſhe'll cry, "*nay don't be rude;*"
Yet, in her Struggles, hopes to be ſubdued.

Pugnet,

Then, let the KISS
Of humid Bliſs
O'er her ſweet Body fly;
O'er her warm Cheek,
Her Eyes, her Neck,
And Lips of luſcious Dye.

Oft ſhall ſhe cry,
"O CRUEL! FY!"
Oft, weeping, ſay, "FORBEAR:
Oft ſhall her Hand
Your Lips withſtand;
Oft meet you, you know where.

O NIGHT of Bliſs!
To equal this
OLYMPUS ſtrives in vain:
O HAPPY PAIR!
O HAPPY FAIR!
O HAPPY, HAPPY SWAIN!

Much,

Pugnet, STRENUA; *pugnet*, ILLA: *paſci*
Pugnando teneri volunt AMORES:
Pugnando tibi duplicatus ardor
Vireis ſufficiet novas in arma.
Tunc per candida colla, tunc per illud
Quod certat ebori nitore pectus,
Nunc per crura tenella, perque ventrem,
Et QUÆ PROXIMA SUNT *& huic & illis,*
Saltu volve agili manum ſalacem:

[*Pugnando teneri, &c.*] *Muretus* has expreſſed this Idea in the ſame Word
Sic age, pugnando teneri paſcuntur Amores.
MURET. *Epig.*
Then let ſweet Conflicts feed the tender *Loves.*

[*Saltu volve, &c.*] Thus *Bonefonius.*
Nunc ſaltu volucri inſilire collo,
Nunc candente genas notare dente,
Nunc vivare manu licentiore
Illa per femora, illa perpolita.
Illa marmoreo ſuperba luxu,
Quibus janitor excubat Cupido,
Et ſacram Veneris *tuetur* arcem. BONEFON.

Much, in Defence
Of Innocence,
Of Virtue's niceſt Laws,
Will the DEAR MAID
Affrighted plead;
And urge a Moment's Pauſe.

In vain ſhe ſtrives;
Enjoyment lives
On ſuch endear'd Delays;
And the wild Fire
Of fierce Deſire,
Oppos'd, the wilder plays.

Hence, proud in Arms,
O'er her rich Charms
With nimbleſt Strength you move;
Hence, bolder grown,
To the great THRONE
Of LOVE inſatiate rove.

Sometimes I kiſs her ſnowy Neck,
In Raptures rove from Grace to Grace;
Then gently mark her roſy Cheek,
At laſt her Thighs I freely trace;
Thighs ſmooth as Marble, white as Snows that fall!
Where *Cupid* Centry ſtands, to guard his *Mother's Hall.* ANON.

What

Et tot millia junge BASIORUM

Quot coelum rutilos tenebit igneis.

O! NOCTEM, QUATER ET QUATER, BEATAM!

Nec desint tibi blandulæque voces;

Et quæcunque juvant perita verba;

Nec cum murmure sibili suâves,

Qualeis dant zephyro sonante blandùm

Fronde

What vaſt Exceſs
Of Happineſs;
In Show'rs of KISSES veil'd,
When her ſoft Cries
In ſofter Sighs
You drown, and win the Field!

O NIGHT of Bliſs!
To equal this
OLYMPUS ſtrives in vain:
O HAPPY PAIR!
O HAPPY FAIR!
O HAPPY, HAPPY SWAIN!

Not but he'll ſpeak
In Accents meek,
leading his Tale of Love;
Soft! as when plays
The ſilken Breeze,
hat wakes the whiſp'ring Grove;

Frondes, quale columba, quale cygnus

Annoſus moriente ſpirat ore:

Donec victa potentibus ſagittis,

Et cæco PUERI VOLANTIS *igne,*

Paulatim, minùs & minùs ſevera,

Ponet purpureum toro pudorem;

Collum in brachia nexuoſa dedens,

Collo brachia nexuoſa ſtringens,

[*Paulatim, minùs,* &c.] *Armſtrong* thus repreſents the yielding Maid.

Nathleſs you purſue
The ſoft Attack, and warmly puſh the War;
Till, quite o'erpower'd with Love, the melting Maid
Faintly oppoſes.

ARMSTRONG, *OEconomy of Love.*

Soft! as when coos
The Dove, that woos
His Mate in vernal Bow'rs;
Or, with ſweet Throat,
When her laſt Note
The Swan expiring pours.

Till, vanquiſh'd quite
In the fond Fight,
O'ercome by CUPID's Dart;
She lends her Ear,
In bluſhing Fear,
And yields her virgin Heart:

Till, that ſhe lies
All bare, and cries
'Sweet, lovely MURD'RER, come!"
Expands her Arms,
Unfolds her Charms,
And panting waits her Doom.

O! NOCTEM QUATER, O! QUATER BEATAM!

Tunc, tunc OSCULA *delicata ſumes,*

Nullis contemerata quæ rapinis

Hærebunt vario morata nexu.

Tunc luſus ſimileis, pareiſque VIRGO

Reddet delicias; & os hiulcum

Jampriae

O NIGHT of Bliſs!
To equal this
OLYMPUS ſtrives in vain:
O HAPPY PAIR!
O HAPPY FAIR!
O HAPPY, HAPPY SWAIN!

Then ſhall thy Lip,
Delighted, ſip
The Dew of nectar'd Bliſs;
Then ſhall thy Soul,
Without Controul,
Enjoy the ling'ring KISS.

Then thy rich Smiles,
And wanton Wiles,
As wanton ſhe'll return;
With Raptures ſweet
Thy Raptures meet;
And, as thou burneſt, burn.

Jampridem patulo licenter ori
Committens, animæ libidinoſo
Fragrantis cupidum beabit hauſtu:
Mox luſu quoque molliore ludens,
Dicet blanditias ſuâviores;
Emittet digitos licentiores;
Finget nequitiam ſalaciorem.
O! NOCTEM, NIMIS ET NIMIS, BEATAM!

[*Dicet blanditias, &c.*] *Bonefonius* copies this Paſſage almoſt *verbatim*.

Uterque
Fingit blanditias proterviores,
Facit nequitias ſalaciores,
Omnes Cypridis *induit figuras,*
Donec corpora miſcuo furore
In unum coëunt amica corpus.

BONEFON.

Our Souls their former Joys renew,
We raiſe new Sport and wanton Jeſting;
Our Eyes each other's Charms review,
In ev'ry Form of *Love* conteſting:
At laſt our Bodies, warm'd with mutual Fire,
To prove each other's Aid, to join in one conſpire.

ANON.]

Then close to thine
Her Mouth shall join,
Sucking voluptuous Breath;
Till, in one Sigh
Of Extasy,
Both touch the Verge of Death:

Till that, more gay
In am'rous Play,
The genial Couch she shakes;
Warm, livelier Sports
Inventive courts;
And what she wishes speaks:

O NIGHT of Bliss!
To equal this
OLYMPUS strives in vain:
O HAPPY PAIR!
O HAPPY FAIR!
O HAPPY, HAPPY SWAIN!

Tunc ARMA *expedienda; tunc* "AD ARMA"

Et VENUS *vocat, & vocat* CUPIDO:

Tunc in vulnera grata proruendum.

Huc, illuc agilis feratur HASTA:

Quam crebro furibunda verſet ictu

Non MARTIS SOROR, *aſt* AMICA MARTIS,

Semper

Then, then "To Arms!"
The Queen of Charms;]
"To Arms!" young Cupid cries:
They hear, they fly;
Reſolv'd to die,
Or win the glorious Prize.

They pant, they bleed;
Who ſhall ſucceed,
Who beſt the Conteſt wage,
Now their ſole Care:
Love's nimble Spear
Provoking mutual Rage.

That wond'rous Spear,
Great God of War!
Which not thy Sister guides;
But one more dear,
Thy Mistress fair!
Who at theſe Sports preſides;

Semper læta NOVO CRUORE, CYPRIS,
Nec quies lateri laborioſo
Detur, mobilibus nec ulla coxis:
Donec deficiente voce anhelâ,
Donec deficientibus medullis,
Membris languidulis, madens uterque
Sudabit varii liquoris undas.

[*Sudabit varii*, &c.] Thus again *Bonefonius*.

Hæc nos prælia militamus inter
Sudores varios anhelituſque,
Dum feſſa Venere *artubuſque tritis;*
Et jam deficientibus medullis,
Et jam deficiente corde anhelo,
Cogor languidulos inire ſomnos.

BONEFON.

Tir'd with War,
A gentle Sweat our Limbs bedews:
Panting, we long engag'd; but at the laſt,
Love flags, our Spirits droop, the *happy Moment's* paſt.

ANON.

O! Noc-

Who, in ſuch Fights
Well-pleas'd, delights
The laſt, great Thruſt to ſpy;
Who loves to ſee
Coy CHASTITY
A BLEEDING VICTIM lie.

Mark, with what Heat
They ſtruggling meet!
How ev'ry Limb's employ'd!
Till at the laſt,
Conſuming faſt,
Enjoying, and enjoy'd,

They gaſp for Breath:
A Moment's Death
Th' enervate Body knows;
While, on each Side,
LOVE's various Tide
In Streams of Pleaſure flows.

O! NOCTEM NIMIS, O! NIMIS, BEATAM!

Sudata ut libet; & dieſque longas,

Noctesque exigite impotente luſu!

Et brevi date liberoſque dulceis,

Et longa ordine blandulas nepotes;

[*Sudata ut libet*; &c.] Such is the Wiſh with which *Catullus* concludes his *Epithalamium*.

Ludite ut libet, et brevi
Liberos date.

CATUL. *Epithal. Manlii & Juniæ.*

Oh! ſtill purſue your Sports of Love,
And may thoſe Sports ſoon fruitful prove!

O NIGHT of Bliſs!
To equal this
OLYMPUS ſtrives in vain:
O HAPPY PAIR!
O HAPPY FAIR!
O HAPPY, HAPPY SWAIN!

Reſt, take your Eaſe:
May Sports like theſe,
With many a conſcious Moon,
Be oft renew'd;
As oft be view'd
By many a bluſhing Sun!

And, O BLEST PAIR!
May Offsprings dear
Soon crown your fond Embrace;
Soon may there riſe,
To glad your Eyes,
A long, and beauteous Race!

Whoſe

Quæ vobis ſenii minuta turba

Olim ſollicitos levabit annos,

Arcebit querulos toro dolores,

Languentum tremulos fovebit artus,

Componet tumulo pios parentes.

O! FELIX JUVENIS! PUELLA FELIX!

Whoſe Converſe gay
Will chaſe away
Each heart-conſuming Care;
Whoſe infant Smile
Thoſe Pains beguile,
Thoſe Pains you're doom'd to bear!

And; when Old-age
Life's whiteſt Page
Shall from your Sight remove;
Who on your Bier
Will drop a Tear,
The Tear of filial Love!

Reſt, take your Eaſe;
For Sports like theſe
New Strength, new Vigour gain:
Reſt, HAPPY PAIR!
Reſt, HAPPY FAIR!
Reſt, HAPPY, HAPPY SWAIN!

FRAGMENTS.

Fragmenta & Poëmata Quædam,

IN

BASIUM.

FRAGMENTUM*.

Ad LYDIAM.

LYDIA, bella PUELLA, *candida;*

Quæ benè ſuperas lac et lilium,

Albamque ſimul roſam rubidam,

Aut expolitum ebur indicum.

---

* This little Fragment is in general attributed to *Cornelius Gallus*, printed among his Rieces; but I believe it the Production of another *Auth*

Pa

SOME

Fragments and Poetical Pieces,

ON

The KISS.

A FRAGMENT.

To LYDIA.

LOVELY LYDIA! lovely MAID!
Either Roſe in Thee's diſplay'd;
Roſes of a bluſhing Red
O'er thy Lips, and Cheeks are ſhed;
Roſes of a paly Hue
In thy fairer Charms we view.

Pande, PUELLA, *pande capillulos*

Flavos, lucentes ut aurum nitidum:

Pande, PUELLA, *collum candidum,*

Productum benè candidis humeris:

Pande, PUELLA, *stellatos oculos;*

Flexaque super nigra cilia:

Pande, PUELLA, *geneas roseas,*

Perfusas rubro purpureæ Tyriæ.

Now thy braided Hair unbind;
Now, luxuriant, unconfin'd
Let thy wavy Treſſes flow;
Treſſes bright, of burniſh'd Glow!
Bare thy iv'ry Neck, MY FAIR!
Now thy ſnowy Shoulders bare:
Bid the vivid Luſtre riſe
In thy paſſion-ſtreaming Eyes;
See, the lucent Meteors gleam!
See, they ſpeak the wiſhful Flame!
And how gracefully above,
Modell'd from the Bow of LOVE,
Are thy arching Brows diſplay'd,
Soft'ning in a ſable Shade!
Let a warmer Crimſon ſtreak
The Velvet of thy downy Cheek:

Porrige labra, labra corallina;

Da columbatim mitia BASIA:

Sugis amentis partem animi:

Cor mihi penetrant hæc tua BASIA.

Quid mihi ſugis vivum ſanguinem?

Conde papillas, conde gemi-pomas,

Compreſſo lacte quæ modò pullulant:

Sinus

[*Conde papillas, &c.*] I know not whether theſe Latin Lines might furniſh the Hint of the following little Sonnet, which certainly breathes the ſame ſoft Spirit of amorous Satiety!

Take, o, take thoſe Lips away,
That ſo ſweetly were forſworn;
And thoſe Eyes, the Break of Day,
Lights that do miſlead the Morn;
But my *Kiſſes* bring again,
Seals of Love, but ſeal'd in vain.

Hide

Let thy Lips, that breathe Perfume,
Deeper Purple now aſſume:
Give me little billing KISSES,
Intermixt with murm'ring Bliſſes.
Soft, MY LOVE!—MY ANGEL, ſtay!—
Soft!—you ſuck my Breath away;
Drink the Life-drops of my Heart;
Draw my Soul from ev'ry Part:
Scarce my Senſes can ſuſtain
So much Pleaſure, ſo much Pain!
Hide thy broad, voluptuous Breaſt!
Hide that balmy Heav'n of Reſt!
See, to feaſt th' enamour'd Eyes,
How the ſnowy Hillocks riſe!

Hide, o, hide thoſe Hills of Snow,
Which thy frozen Boſom bears;
On whoſe Tops the Pinks, that grow,
Are of thoſe that April wears;
But my poor Heart firſt ſet free,
Bound in thoſe icy Chains by Thee.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER's *Bloody Brother.*

Sinus expanſa profert cinnama;

Undique ſurgunt ex te deliciæ.

Conde papillas, quæ me ſauciant

Candore, et luxu nivei pectoris.

SÆVA, *non cernis quod ego langueo?*

Sic me deſtituis jam ſemi-mortuum?

Parted by the luſcious Vale,
Whence luxurious Sweets exhale:
Nature fram'd thee but t'inſpire
Never-ending, fond Deſire!
Again, above its envious Veſt,
See, thy Boſom heaves confeſt!
Hide the rapt'rous, dear Delight!
Hide it from my raviſh'd Sight!
Hide it!—for thro' all my Soul
Tides of madd'ning Tranſport roll:
Venting now th' impaſſion'd Sigh,
See me languiſh, ſee me die!
Tear not from me then thy Charms!
Snatch, oh, ſnatch me to thy Arms!
With a life-inſpiring Kiss,
Wake my ſinking Soul to Bliſs!

ON

In LESBIAM.

DUM me BASIOLO *fovet ſalaci,*
Et crebra petit excitatque morſu
Illa LESBIA, *quæ tenelli* AMORIS
Bellè ſurripuit faces et arcum;
Imis ardeo totis in medullis,
Et ſecreta calor per oſſa currit.
Non tot aſtra polo nitent ſereno,
Non tot vinea fulgurat racemis,
Quot me deliciæ cupidineſque
Accenſum exacuunt beatulumque.
Sed mî LESBIA, *fare,* AMICA, *quid me*

On LESBIA.

WHEN beauteous LESBIA fires my melting Soul,
(SHE, who the Torch and Bow from CUPID ſtole,)
By many a Smile, by many an ardent KISS;
And with her Teeth imprints the tell-tale Bliſs:
Thro' all my Frame the madding Tranſport glows,
Thro' ev'ry Vein the Tide of Rapture flows.
As many Stars as o'er Heav'n's Concave ſhine,
Or Cluſters as adorn the fruitful Vine;
So many Blandiſhments, voluptuous Joys,
T' inflame my Breaſt, the wily MAID employs.
But deareſt LESBIA! gentle MISTRESS! ſay,
Why thus d'ye wound my Lips in am'rous Play?

Why

Tantum BASIOLO *foves salaci;*

Et crebro petis excitaſque morſu?

Te dulci liceat tenere lecto,

Te ſtrictis liceat tenere in ulnis,

Blando deficientem AMORIS *æſtu;*

Quin ſi deficias AMORIS *æſtu,*

MORS *tibi hac pretio placebit hercle!*

With KISSES, Smiles, and ev'ry wanton Art,
Why raiſe the burning Fever of my Heart?
Let us, MY LOVE! on yon ſoft Couch reclin'd,
Each other's Arms around each other twin'd,
Yield to the pleaſing Force of ſtrong Deſire;
And panting, ſtruggling, both at once expire!
For, oh, MY LESBIA! ſure that DEATH is ſweet,
Which Lovers in the fond Contention meet!

BONEFONII *BASIUM XVI.*

DONEC preſſiùs incubo labellis,

Et diduco avidus tuæ, PUELLA,

Floſculos animæ ſuavè-olentes;

Unus tum videor mihi deorum,

Seu quid altiús eſt beatiúſve.

Max ut te eripis, ecce, ego repentè;

Unus qui ſuperûm mihi videbar,

Seu quid altiús eſt beatiúſve;

ORCI *mî videor relatus umbris,*

Seu quid inferiúſve triſtiúſve.

VENERIS

KISS XVI. of *BONEFONIUS.*

CLASP'D, SWEET MAID! in thy Embrace;
While I view thy ſmiling Face,
And the Sweets with Rapture ſip,
Flowing from thy honied Lip;
Then I taſte, in heav'nly State,
All that's happy, all that's great:

But when you forſake my Arms,
And Diſpleaſure clouds your Charms;
Sudden I; who prov'd ſo late
All that's happy, all that's great;
Prove the Tortures of a Ghoſt,
Wand'ring on the STYGIAN Coaſt.

VENERIS *LUSUS.*

EFFINXIT quondam, blandum meditata laborem,
BASIA *lascivâ* CYPRIA DIVA *manu:*

AMBROSIÆ *succos occultâ temperat arte,*
Fragransque infuso NECTARE *tingit opus;*

Sufficit et partem MELLIS, *quod subdolus olim*
Non impunè favis surripuisset AMOR *;

Decussos VIOLÆ *foliis admiscet odores,*
Et spolia æstivis plurima rapta ROSIS;

Addit et ILLECEBRAS, *et mille et mille* LEPORES,
Et quot ACIDALIÆ GAUDIA *cestus habet:*

* See the nineteenth *Idyllium* of *Theocritus*, to which this alludes.

Ex

The PASTIME of *VENUS.*

INTENT to frame ſome new Deſign of Bliſs,
The wanton CYPRIAN QUEEN compos'd a KISS:
An ample Portion of AMBROSIAL JUICE
With myſtic Skill ſhe temper'd firſt for Uſe;
This done, her infant Work was well bedew'd
With choiceſt NECTAR; and o'er all ſhe ſtrew'd
Part of that HONEY, which ſly CUPID ſtole
Much to his Coſt, and blended with the Whole;
Then, that ſoft Scent which from the VI'LET flows
She mixt with Spoils of many a vernal ROSE;
Each gentle BLANDISHMENT in Love we find,
Each graceful winning GESTURE next ſhe join'd;
And all thoſe JOYS that in her Zone abound
Made up the KISS, and the rich Labour crown'd:

Conſid'ring

Ex his compoſuit DEA BASIA: *et omnia libans,*

Invenias nitidæ ſparſa per ora CHLOËS.

Conſid'ring now what beauteous Nymph might prove
Worthy the Gift, and worthy of her Love;
She fixt on CHLOE, as her fav'rite Maid;
To whom the GODDESS ſweetly-ſmiling ſaid:
" Take this, MY FAIR! to perfect ev'ry Grace;
" And on thy Lips the FRAGRANT BLESSING place."

*AMORE fuggitivo.**

UDITO hò, CITEREA,
Che del tuo grembo fore
Fuggitivo il tuo FIGLIO *à te si cela,*
E promesso hai BACIAR *chi te 'l rivela:*
Non languir, BELLA DEA,
Se vai cercando AMORE;
No 'l cercar, dammi il BACIO, *io l' hò nel core.*

---

* See the first *Idyllium* of *Moschus* on this Subject.

D'an

CUPID ſtray'd.

YES, beauteous QUEEN;——thy SON, they ſay,
Thy wanton SON! is gone aſtray:——
Nay, VENUS, more;——'tis ſaid, from Thee
A KISS the ſweet Reward ſhall be
To any Swain, who truly tells
Where 'tis thy little WAND'RER dwells:
Then grieve no more, nor drop a Tear;
For know the little URCHIN's here;
HE, from the Search of vulgar Eyes,
Conceal'd within my Boſom lies:
Now, GODDESS, as I've told thee this;
Give me, oh, give the promis'd KISS!

D'un BACIO.

UN BACIO *ſolo à tante pene*, CRUDA?

Un BACIO *à tanta fede?*

La promeſſa mercede

Non ſi paga, BACIANDO: *il* BACIO *è ſegno*

Dì futuro diletto;

E par, che dica anch' egli, i' ti prometto

Con ſi ſoave pegno:

In tanto hor godi, e taci,

Ghe ſon d' amor mute promeſſe i BACI.

On a KISS.

AH! can'ſt thou, CRUEL NYMPH! ſuppoſe,
One KISS rewards thy am'rous Youth;
Enough rewards his tender Woes;
His long, long Conſtancy; and Truth?

Think not thy promis'd Kindneſs paid
By ſimple KISSING;—for the KISS
Is but an Earneſt, BEAUTEOUS MAID!
Of more ſubſtantial, future Bliſs:

Sweet KISSES only were deſign'd
Our warmer Raptures to improve;
KISSES were meant ſoft Vows to bind,
Were ſilent Pledges meant of Love.

Dal PASTOR FIDO *di* GUARINI.

Atto 2do

BEN è ſoave coſa
Quel BACIO, *che ſi prende*
Da una vermiglia, e delicata roſa
Di bella guancia. e pur chi 'l vero intende,
Com' intendete voi
Auventuroſi Amanti, che 'l provate;
Dirà, che quello è morto BACIO, *à cui*
La BACIATA *beltà* BACIO *non rende.*
Ma i COLPI *di due labbra innamorate,*
Quando à ferir ſi và bocca con bocca,
E che in un punto ſcocca
AMOR *con ſoaviſſima vendetta*
L'una, e l' altra ſaetta;

From the PASTOR FIDO of GUARINI. Act 2d

WHEN o'er the virgin Cheek we meet
Health's tender-blooming Roſes ſpread;
To KISS thoſe Roſes may be ſweet,
To KISS them on their native Bed!

Full well experienc'd Lovers know,
And chief the Few who bliſsful burn,
That KISS is lifeleſs we beſtow
On Charms that yield no kind Return:

But ſure thoſe KISSES breathe Delight,
Where Love the ſweetly-vengeful Dart
Exchanges; while fond Lips unite,
Lips echoing-ſoft as KISSES part!

Son veri BACI: *ove con giuſte voglie*
Tanto ſi dona altrui, quanto ſi toglie.
BACI *pur bocca curiosa, e ſcaltra*
O ſeno, ò fronte, ò mano; unqua non fia
Che parte alcuna in bella Donna BACI,
Che BACIATRICE *ſia*
Se non la bocca, ove l'un' alma, e l' altra
Corre, e ſi BACIA *anch' ella, e con vivaci*
Spiriti pellegrini
Dà vita al bel teſoro
De' BACIANTI *rubini:*
Sì che parlan trà loro
Quegli animati, & ſpiritoſi BACI,
Gran coſe in picciol ſuono,
E ſegreti dolciſſimi, che ſono
A lor ſolo paleſi, altrui celati.

When one warm Wiſh enflames the Pair,
Not leſs endearing KISSES prove;
Each gives, each takes an equal Share;
Sweet Interchange of ſweeteſt Love!

KISS the dear Lip, the ſwelling Breaſt,
The ſnow-white Hand, the Forehead KISS;
'Tis by the Lip the Joy's expreſt,
'Tis the kind Lip repays the Bliſs.

When Lovers' Lips in Tranſport join,
Their Souls to ſhare that Tranſport fly;
And, as their mingling Breaths combine,
The purple Gems with Life ſupply:

Then each inſpir'd KISS imparts;
In Sounds half-utter'd, half-ſuppreſt;
The tender Secrets of their Hearts,
Secrets to Lips alone confeſt!

Where

Tal gioïa amando prova; anzi tal vita,
Alma con alma unita:
E son come d' amor BACI BACIATI
Gli incontri di due cori amanti amati.

Where Soul is thus with Soul entwin'd,
The living Rapture is improv'd;
'Tis Rapture of the ſweeteſt Kind,
To KISS when KISS'D, to love when lov'd!

HYMN

HYMNE *au* BAISE

Par Monſieur DORAT.

I.

*DON *céleſte, volupté pure,*
*De l'*UNIVERS *moteur ſecret,*
Doux aiguillon de la NATURE,
Et ſon plus invincible attrait,
Eclair, qui, brûlant ce qu'il touche,
Par l'heureux ſignal de la bouche,
Avertit tous les autres ſens;
Viens jouer autour de ma lyre;
Qu'on reconnoiſſe ton délire
A la chaleur de mes accens.

---

* *Monſieur Dorat* ſeems, in theſe Verſes, metaphorically to apply the Word Kiſs to that univerſal *Attraction* which prevails through all *Matter*.

II. *Tu*

HYMN to the KISS,

TRANSLATED.

I.

O, choiceſt Gift of heav'nly Kind!
O, ſacred Source of Joy refin'd!
Thou latent Spring, whoſe vaſt Controul
Extends throughout the BOUNDLESS WHOLE!
Attraction ſtrong! all-pow'rful Cauſe,
Enforcing NATURE's hidden Laws!
Thou magic Lightning, that canſt burn
What-e'er you touch, where-e'er you turn!
Touch but the Lips, and you diſpenſe
The briſk Alarm thro' ev'ry Senſe:
Come, hover round my tuneful Lyre,
And ev'ry ſwelling Note inſpire;
So ſhall the Warmth my Strains expreſs
Thy rapture-giving Pow'r confeſs.

II.

Tu vas ſur tes ſujets fideles
Diſperſant des fléches de feu ·
Tu nourris de tes étincelles
Le flambeau de L'AVEUGLE DIEU.
Sans toi que ſeroit le bel âge ?
Il t' offre ſon premier hommage,
Il s' éclaire de tes rayons ;
Et, des deſirs hâtant l'ivreſſe,
Sur les lèvres de la jeuneſſe
Tu fais tes plus douces moiſſons.

II.

To Thoſe, who own your gentle Sway,
You Darts of pleaſing Flame convey;
Your kindling Sparks, that ne'er can die,
Blind CUPID's burning Torch ſupply:
How dull the Spring of Life wou'd prove,
Without the KISS that waits on Love!
Youth firſt to Thee its Homage pays,
Becomes enlighten'd from thy Rays;
And, haſt'ning by your foſt'ring Fires
The Birth of all the gay Deſires,
From youthful Lips You ſoon receive
The richeſt Harveſts Lips can give.

III.

Loin de l'œil éclatant du MONDE,
*Combien d'*ETRES *infortunés,*
Dans une obſcurité profonde,
A gémir ſemblent condamnés!

Pour eux ZÉPHIR *eſt ſans haleine,*
Les épis qui dorent la plaine,
Rarement mûriſſent pour eux;
Toi ſeul les retiens à la TERRE,
Et, même au ſein de leur misère,
Tu leur apprens l'art d'être heureux.

III.

Far from the WORLD's more glaring Eye,
What Crowds of wretched BEINGS lie;
Who ſeem, in dull Oblivion, doom'd,
For ever to remain entomb'd!
To Them no ZEPHYR's balmy Wing
Refreſhing Gales, or Sweets can bring;
No rip'ning Crops of golden Grain
For Them adorn the waving Plain:
Yet, thy perſuaſive Magic binds
To this TERRESTRIAL ORB their Minds;
And bids Them in their gloomy State
Smile, nor regret their piteous Fate.

IV.

La fleur qui pare nos prairies,
Te doit ſon luſtre et ſon odeur.
Ces arbriſſeaux que tu maries,
Sont tous éclos de ta chaleur.
Ces ruiſſeaux fuyant ſous l'ombrage,
Ces flots careſſant leur rivage,
Par ton ſouffle vont s' embrâſer;——
Pourquoi des lèvres demi-cloſes
Ont-elles la couleur des roſes?
C'eſt là que ſiége le BAISER.

IV.

The Flow'rs, that in yon Meadow grow,
To Thee their Bloom, their Fragrance owe:
The bloſſom'd Shrubs, in gaudy Dreſs,
Thy genial Warmth, thy Pow'r confeſs:
The Stream; that winds along the Grove,
And courts the Shore with Waves of Love;
Is taught by Thee the fond Embrace,
By Thee is taught each rural Grace:——
On gently-parted Lips, ſay, why
Is plac'd the Roſe's beauteous Dye?
Becauſe, on that ſoft Seat of Bliſs
Abides the roſy-breathing Kiss.

V.

Le froid SCRUPULE *en vain s' offenſe*
De tes bienfaits conſolateurs;
Tu tiens ſous ton obéiſſance
SAGES, HÉROS, LÉGISLATEURS.
CÉSAR *quitte le* CAPITOLE,
Il menace, il s' élance, il vole,
Tout céde à ſes travaux guerriers:
Mais il revient, briguant des chaînes,
Careſſer les DAMES ROMAINES
A l'ombre même des lauriers.

V.

Let rigid SCRUPLE furl her Brow,
And blame the Comforts You beſtow:
The SAGE, the HERO, Thee obey;
Nay, LEGISLATORS own thy Sway.
See, threat'ning CÆSAR mounts his Car,
To join th' embattled Sons of War;
Swift from the CAPITOL he flies,
And ev'ry hoſtile Warrior dies;
But ſoon he quits the bleeding Plain,
With Tranſport hugs fair Beauty's Chain,
And, e'en beneath his Laurel's Shade,
Careſſes many a ROMAN MAID.

VI.

Ce MAHOMET, *ce fou ſublime,*
Contre tous les périls armé,
Qui pour l'erreur et pour le crime
Avoit cru ce globe formé,
Auroit-il, CONQUÉRANT *auſtère,*
Supporté l'ennui de la guerre,
Sans les BAISERS *de ſes* HOURIS,
Qui charmoient ſon ame inquiète,
Et, dans le SERRAIL *du* PROPHÈTE,
Réaliſoient ſon PARADIS ?

VI.

Could MAHOMET, whoſe dauntleſs Soul
Superior roſe to all Controul,
Whoſe Breaſt was fir'd with Hope ſublime,
Who thought that Ignorance and Crime
Were deſtin'd o'er this Globe t' have reign'd;
Could that ſtern VICTOR have ſuſtain'd
The harſh, fatiguing Toil of Arms;
Had not his HOURIS' ſoothing Charms,
And tender KISSES, lull'd to Reſt
The martial Tumults of his Breaſt?
If the SERAGLIO of this Earth
Had not to thoſe ſweet Joys giv'n Birth,
Which, in the PARADISE of Love,
The PROPHET hop'd to taſte above?

VII.

Mais des demeures faſtueuſes
Tu crains l'appareil impoſant;
Les paſſions trop orageuſes
En banniſſent le ſentiment.
Ah! ſur des lèvres altérées,
Et par l'ennui décolorées,
Voudrois-tu donc te repoſer?
Ces lambris dorés, cette eſtrade,
Ces carreaux, ces lits de parade,
Sont l'épouvantail du BAISER.

VII.

But tow'ring Domes, that ſtrike the Eyes
With outward Grandeur, You deſpiſe;
There ſtormy Paſſions govern Senſe,
And baniſh tender Feelings thence.
Say, could'ſt thou well-contented lie
On Lips with ſhrivell'd Coldneſs dry,
On Lips, that no bright Purple wear!
But pal'd by Sickneſs, or by Care?
The gilded Ceilings, Beds of State,
The gaudy Chambers of the Great,
Th' embroider'd Cuſhions they diſplay,
Muſt fright the gentle Kiss away.

VIII.

Fuis ſous les feuillages champêtres;

C'eſt là que réſide la PAIX,

Et qu'à l'ombre des jeunes hêtres

On pratique tes doux ſecrets.

Sur des gerbes, ſur une tonne,

Le BAISER *s'y prend ou s'y donne;*

Le plaiſir n'y ſait pas compter;

Et l'impitoyable étiquette

Sur les lèvres d'une COQUETTE

Ne t'y fait jamais avorter.

VIII.

Fly to the rural, ſhadowy Dells:
There PEACE in calm Retirement dwells;
And, underneath the Beech's Shade,
Thy am'rous Secrets are diſplay'd;
There, on the Hay-mow, or the Graſs,
Sport the fond Youth, and fonder Laſs;
There, unconſtrain'd in frolic Play,
A KISS they lend, a KISS repay;
Pleaſures ſo num'rous round them flow,
Envy can ne'er the Number know;
Nor are the Lips ſweet Joys deny'd
By PRUDES, affecting virtuous Pride,

IX.

Mais, en quelques lieux qu'on t'appelle,
Ne déſerte point mon réduit;
Si j'ai pu te reſter fidele,
Que tes faveurs en ſoient le fruit!
Seme des fleurs ſur ma JEUNESSE;
Juſques dans la froide VIEILLESSE
Renouvelle encor mes deſirs,
Et puiſſes-tu, pour récompenſe,
*Rencontrer ſouvent l'*INNOCENCE,
Et la ſoumettre à tes plaiſirs!

IX.

Tho' tempted hence your Flight to take,
My humble Manſion ne'er forſake;
To You if conſtant I remain,
Let Kindneſs recompenſe my Pain!
Around my YOUTH freſh Flow'rets ſhed,
Till AGE ſhall ſilver o'er my Head;
Then ſoftly fan my drooping Fires,
And wake the half-extinct Deſires:
So may'ſt Thou, in thy Wand'rings, meet
Young INNOCENCE, who ſmiles ſo ſweet!
And may ſhe all-ſubmiſſive prove
To Thee, the guiltleſs Gueſt of Love!

X.

Puiſſe à ce prix, trompant ſa mere,

La jeune fille de quinze ans,

Dans ſon alcove ſolitaire

Méditer ton art dans mes chants,

Interroger ſon ame oiſive,

Dévorer l'image expreſſive

De l'amoureuſe volupté,

Ne voir que BAISERS *dans ſes ſonges,*

Et ſoupçonner dans ces menſonges

Les douceurs de la VÉRITÉ!

X.

So may the Nymph of gay Fifteen,
By ſtrict maternal Eyes unſeen,
To ſome ſequeſter'd Grove retire;
There, reading, nurſe her infant Fire;
Free from a Parent's ſtern Controul,
Explore her newly-op'ning Soul;
And riot o'er my am'rous Page,
Soft-yielding to voluptuous Rage!
So may ſweet Dreams of rapt'rous Joy
Her pleaſing Slumbers oft employ;
Till many a fond, illuſive KISS
Shall almoſt realize the BLISS!

A

KISS,

AFTER THE MANNER OF

SECUNDUS.

To CYNTHIA.

THE tranſient Seaſon let's improve,
That human Life allots to Love:
Youth ſoon, MY CYNTHIA! flies away,
And Age aſſumes its frozen Sway;
With Elegance and Neatneſs dreſt,
Come then, in Beauty's Bloom confeſt,
And in my fond Embrace be bleſt!

Faint Strugglings but inflame Deſire,
And ſerve to fan the Lover's Fire:
Then yield not all at once your Charms,
But with Reluctance fill my Arms;
My Arms! that ſhall with eager Haſte
Encircle now your ſlender Waiſt,
Now round your Neck be careleſs hung,
And now o'er all your Frame be flung:
About your Limbs my Limbs I'll twine,
And lay your glowing Cheek to mine:
Cloſe to my broader, manlier Cheſt
I'll preſs thy firm, proud-ſwelling Breaſt;
Now riſing high, now falling low;
As Paſſion's Tide ſhall ebb, or flow:
My murm'ring Tongue ſhall ſpeak my Bliſs,
Shall court your yielding Lips to KISS;

Each Kiss with Thouſands I'll repay,
And almoſt ſuck your Breath away;
A Thouſand more you then ſhall give,
And then a Thouſand more receive:
In Tranſport half-diſſolv'd we'll lie,
Venting our Wishes in a Sigh!

Quick-ſtarting from me, now diſplay
Your looſe, and diſcompos'd Array:
Your Hair ſhall o'er your poliſh'd Brow
In ſweetly-wild Diſorder flow;
And thoſe long Treſſes from behind,
You us'd in artful Braids to bind,
Shall down your ſnowy Boſom ſpread
Redundant, in a ſoften'd Shade;

And from your wiſhful Eyes ſhall ſtream
The dewy Light of Paſſion's Flame:
While now and then a Look ſhall glance;
Your Senſes loſt in am'rous Trance;
That fain my Rudeneſs wou'd reprove,
Yet plainly tells how ſtrong your Love:
The Roſes, height'ning on your Cheek,
Shall the fierce Tide of Rapture ſpeak;
And on your Lips a warmer Glow
The deepen'd Ruby then ſhall ſhow:
Your Breaſt, replete with youthful Fire,
Shall heave with Tumults of Deſire;
Shall heave at Thoughts of wiſh'd-for Bliſs,
Springing as tho' 'twould meet my Kiss:
Down on that Heav'n I'll ſink quite ſpent,
And lie in tender Languiſhment;

But ſoon your Charms' reviving Pow'r
Shall to my Frame new Life reſtore;
With Love I'll then my Pains aſſuage;
With Kisses cool my wanton Rage;
Hang o'er thy Beauties till I cloy;
Then ceaſe, and then renew my Joy!

FINIS.

CORRIGENDA.

Page 13. *Line* 18. *after* was *put a* ,
18. 15. *after* is *put a* ,
20. 22. *after* SECUNDUS *put a* ,
53. 5. *dele the* , *after* Flames.
54 & 55, *(in the Note), for* Shakeſpear *read* Shakeſpeare, *in two Places*
65. 11. *dele the* , *after* grow
70. *(in the Note), for* νεκλαρ r. νεκλαρ
96. 6. *after* LABRA *dele the* ; *and put a* .
102. 3. *after* Salutem *put a* ,
122. 5. *after* ait *put a* ,
123. 5. *after* Nymph *put a* ,
130. *(4th Line of the Note), after* Morte *put a* ;
146. 6. *dele the* , *after* Inſevit
147. 13. *This Line ſhould be indented.*
158. 4. *after* baccis *put a* ;
179. 18. *after* JOVE *put a* :
195. 10. *dele the* : *after* Train
197. 2 & 3. *dele the* , *after* laid—*and for* O rich r. A rich